

HISTORICAL PLAYS
FOR CHILDREN
BIRD AND STARLING





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EVERYCHILD'S SERIES

HISTORICAL PLAYS FOR CHILDREN



THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

NEW YORK • BOSTON • CHICAGO
DALLAS • SAN FRANCISCO

MACMILLAN & CO., LIMITED

LONDON • BOMBAY • CALCUTTA
MELBOURNE

THE MACMILLAN CO. OF CANADA, LTD.

TORONTO



K. Jordau

EVERYCHILD'S SERIES

HISTORICAL PLAYS FOR CHILDREN

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New York

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

1912

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Set up and electrotyped. Published September, 1912.

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To

F. J. B., JR.

AND

L. H.

TO THE TEACHER

THE contents of this book are intended primarily for reading lessons in the classroom ; although, at the choice of the teacher, the scenes, with the aid of a few simple costumes and other suggestive properties, may be used for occasional entertainment.

The aim is practice in reading with dramatic effect, rather than historical accuracy. Some of the minor details, therefore, are merely traditional, and many of the lesser characters are fictitious. We have endeavored, however, to admit no errors in incident liable to mislead the pupil in his study of history.

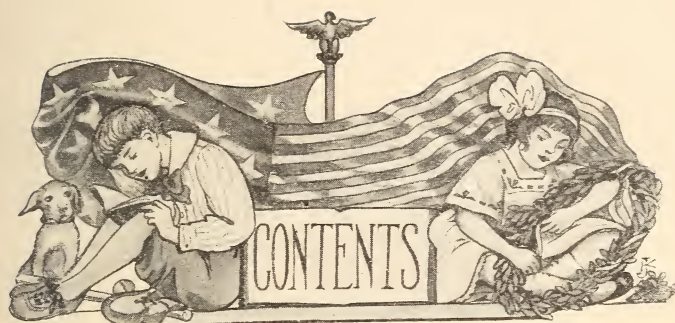
In scenes relating to Indians, if it is probable that the white men knew the language

of the Indians, they converse together. Otherwise, pantomime or the assistance of an interpreter is employed.

Changes of scene may be indicated by rough pictures on the blackboard, or sketches, in colored crayon or charcoal, on thick paper, to be hung on the wall. Many simple objects, such as crosses, guns, and tomahawks, may be cut out of paper. Almost any properties necessary may be improvised from ordinary material found in the schoolroom, or brought from home by the pupils. For the bullock's hide in Henry Hudson, or Tonty's coat in La Salle, newspaper may be utilized. Hennepin's portable altar can be represented by a large pasteboard box. A coat or a shawl may be used as a cloak by Sir Walter Raleigh. A few feathers stuck in the hair will suggest the costume of an Indian. In fact, the less defined the image, the greater the opportunity for the exercise of imagination on the part of the children.

Stage directions may be read by the teacher or some member of the class.

It is an acknowledged truth that the imaginative and imitative impulses of children demand as much dramatic material as it is possible to provide in school work. With this pedagogical principle in view, we commend to your use this volume, which is arranged for the average fourth, fifth, and sixth grades.



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HISTORICAL PLAYS FOR CHILDREN

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS

SCENE I

A Room in the Convent of La Rabida

CHARACTERS

Prior Juan

Brother Lorenzo

Brother Antonio

Other monks occupied with various duties, copying manuscripts, etc.

Bro. Lorenzo. Hark! What is that?

Prior. Nothing but the wind rattling the door. Everything seems to be making a noise.

Bro. Antonio (getting up and looking out of the window). It is very dark outside. I can see nothing but the blackness of the night.

Bro. Lorenzo (following Brother Antonio to the window). How the wind howls! Heaven protect those out in this storm.

Prior. Listen! Some one is knocking at the gate.

Bro. Antonio (taking down his cloak from the wall). I will go and let the stranger in.

Bro. Lorenzo. Hurry! He is rapping again. Do not keep the poor stranger waiting.

(Brother Antonio goes out.)

Prior (rising and closing the door after Brother Antonio). Hear the wind roar. Each moment it grows fiercer!

(Brother Antonio enters with Christopher Columbus and his little son, Diego. The boy sinks wearily to a bench. The monks remove the travelers' wet cloaks.)

Prior. Come close to the fire, strangers.

The night is cold. (*They warm their hands at the open blaze.*) You are tired and hungry, I warrant you !

Columbus. Yes, good friends, we are both faint for the want of food.

Prior. Lorenzo, bring bread and milk and meat for the weary travelers.

(*Lorenzo goes out.*)

Columbus. Thank you, Father. I knew we should find shelter and kindness at La Rabida. May God reward you !

Prior. How far have you journeyed ?

Columbus. Many, many miles. We are on our way to France.

Prior. That is some distance from here. I am surprised that you started on such a trip with a child.

Columbus. His mother is dead ; and I have no place where I may leave him. He goes everywhere with me.

Prior (*patting the boy on the shoulder*). He is a fine brave fellow.

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Columbus. When he could walk no farther
I carried him; but the storm overtook us,
and we were obliged to find some shelter
for the night.

Diego. I am so hungry, Father.

(Brother Lorenzo enters, bringing a tray of food.)

Prior. Eat your supper, child, and you, too,
friend, refresh yourself.

(Columbus and Diego begin to eat.)

Prior. May I ask why you go to France this
time of year?

Columbus. To beg the king to buy ships for
me. I want to cross the Atlantic; but I
have no money for the voyage. By trade
I am only a poor chart-maker.

Bro. Lorenzo. No one has ever crossed that
terrible ocean. Are you not afraid?

Bro. Antonio. People say it is full of fierce
monsters and pools of fire.

Prior. Nonsense, no one has ever seen them.
That is nothing but idle talk.

Columbus (taking a chart from his pocket).

I have no fear of imaginary dangers. I am anxious to find a short way to India. I feel sure that it lies on the other side of the Atlantic.

Prior. I have given that subject some thought myself; and I have no doubt that you are right.

Bro. Antonio (whispering to Brother Lorenzo).
They must both be crazy.

Bro. Lorenzo (whispering to Brother Antonio).
It sounds like it. They talk as if the world were round, instead of flat.

(Diego begins to nod sleepily.)

Prior. It is time for the boy to go to bed.

Columbus. It is indeed. He is worn out.
(To the boy.) Come, Diego, you must go to bed. I shall come to you soon. Good night, my son.

Diego. Good night, dear father. Come soon.
(Brother Antonio leads the boy out. Brother Lorenzo removes the food.)

Prior. You cannot walk all the way to France with that child.

Columbus (*going to the window and looking out into the night*). Oh, yes we must start to-morrow morning. There is no time to lose.

Prior. Why not request the queen of Spain to provide ships for your expedition? Her Majesty is kind and gracious.

Columbus. I have already sought her assistance; but both she and King John of Portugal have refused to help me.

Prior (*walking across the floor*). I know Queen Isabella well. I was at one time her father confessor. I will write and beseech her to give you the ships you need.

Columbus. You are too good, Father, but would she consent after having once refused?

Prior. It will do no harm to try. (*He opens a desk and begins to write.*) She has never refused me a favor. (*He finishes the letter while Columbus studies a chart.*)

Prior (*handing Columbus the letter*). Read that and see if it conveys your wishes.

Columbus. It is better than anything I could write, Father.

Prior (*motioning to one of the younger monks*).

There is a lull in the storm. Saddle a horse and ride to the next monastery. Here is a message for the queen. Early in the morning continue your journey — May her-Majesty grant us a gracious reply !

Monk. I will go at once.

Prior. In a few days we may hope for a reply. You and your son are welcome to remain with us until then.

Columbus. I shall not forget your kindness, Father. You have given me new courage.

Prior. It is now time to go to the chapel, and then to our cells. It is our custom to retire early.

Columbus. That pleases me ; for I am very tired, and shall be glad to have some rest.

(*Each takes a candle, and they all go out.*)

SCENE II

*The Court of Ferdinand and Isabella, King
and Queen of Spain*

CHARACTERS

Columbus

Ferdinand

Isabella

Court attendants

*(Enter Columbus accompanied by attendants.
He kneels at the feet of the king. He motions him to rise.)*

Ferdinand. You have come promptly in answer to our message.

Columbus. Yes, your Majesty, I am anxious to begin my voyage across the Atlantic.

Isabella (holding a piece of paper). This letter from Prior Juan of La Rabida has aroused our interest.

Ferdinand. We fear that such an expedition may be a failure. The last explorers who

attempted that voyage found nothing but clouds out there in the ocean.

Isabella (turning to *Ferdinand*). He is a brave man to face the unknown dangers of the sea of darkness.

Ferdinand (to *Columbus*). Do you really think that you can find a short route to India?

Columbus. I firmly believe so, your Majesty, and I am willing to risk my life to prove it.

Ferdinand. The danger is very great; and the cost of the ships will be considerable. We have spent so much money on war that we have none left to waste.

Isabella. Do not refuse him. I will sell my jewels to provide the means, if need be.

Ferdinand. Indeed, I fear that may be necessary, for Spain is no longer rich.

Columbus. If I go, I can be the means of bringing you wealth. After I find a short way to India, rich silks and spices can be

brought here by boat, thus avoiding the long overland journey.

Isabella. What you say is true. Ships move much more quickly than the caravans of the desert.

Ferdinand. My queen, do as you will; but I have very little faith in the plan.

Isabella (to Columbus). How many ships do you need?

Columbus. Three will suffice, your Majesty.

Isabella. You may plan to make the voyage.

I will be responsible for the necessary money.

Columbus. I thank your Majesties. Heaven grant you may not regret what you have done.

Ferdinand. When do you wish to start?

Columbus. As soon as possible.

Ferdinand. Then choose your men, and be ready to leave Palos at an early date.

Columbus. I will lose no time. When I return, a trip to India will be an easy journey.

Isabella. Good luck to you, brave friend.
Heaven prosper your undertaking.

Columbus. I thank your Majesty. (*He bows and goes out. The rest follow, the king and the queen leading the line of courtiers and ladies.*)

SCENE III

The Cabin of a Ship at Sea

CHARACTERS

Columbus

Bianca

Alphonso

Enrico

A sleeping Cabin Boy

Enrico (*with his elbows on a table and his head on his hands*). We shall never see land again. I wish we had never come. I know the earth is flat. Some dark night we shall fall off the edge.

Bianca. To continue this voyage is madness. The captain ought to be forced to turn the ship about and return.

Alphonso. Enrico, let us urge him to go home. If he refuses, we will throw him overboard.

Enrico. Urge him yourself. I am not anxious to get into any trouble.

Alphonso. I am not afraid (*stepping up to Columbus, who is just entering*). Captain, we are weary of this voyage. We demand that you turn the ship about and take us home.

Columbus. Impossible, man, impossible!

Alphonso (*shaking his fist*). If you refuse, we will compel you.

Columbus. You are excited. Be patient a little longer.

Enrico. Let us take the matter into our own hands. He will not listen to us.

Columbus. Silence, my men! The king and the queen of Spain have sent me to find

the Indies; and with the help of God I will go on until I reach them.

Bianca. How much longer do you think it will take?

Columbus. If we do not see land in three days, I will take you home. That is a fair arrangement. (*He picks up a spy-glass and goes out.*)

Alphonso. Hear that, friends!

Enrico (*raising his voice*). We will hold him to his word.

Alphonso. Or throw him into the sea.

Cabin Boy (*waking up, rubbing his eyes, and stretching*). As soon as I get to sleep somebody makes a noise and wakes me up.

Enrico. We are all sleepy from staying up nights and watching for land. We are foolish to stand it any longer.

(*Cabin Boy goes back to sleep.*)

Alphonso. That lad has more sense than all the rest of us. He takes a nap every chance he gets.

Sailor (rushing in excitedly, with a stick in his hand). Here is a stick I found floating on the water. It has been cut with a knife. We must be nearing land.

Columbus (entering with a branch of a tree in his hand). Here is a branch with red berries on it. Land is not far off.

Bianca. Hurrah for our captain. He was wiser than we were about this voyage.

Sailor. I saw a strange light in the distance. It looked like a moving torch in the woods.

Columbus. That is the white sand of the seashore.

Cabin Boy (waking up). What is the matter now?

Alphonso (shaking boy). Wake up, you lazy fellow. Land is in sight.

Columbus. Get the small boats ready to land. *(All rush out, talking excitedly to one another.)*

SCENE IV

The Seashore — San Salvador

CHARACTERS

Columbus

Sailors and Indians

(Indians are moving about. Columbus and the sailors fall upon their knees and kiss the ground. The Indians crowd around.)

Chief (to Indians). From whence did those white-faced men come to our shores?

Brave. The broad wings of their ships have brought them from some far country.

(A squaw grunts, smiles, and strokes the bright-colored clothes of the Spaniards.)

Medicine Man. Their language sounds musical. I wonder what they are saying.

Chief. They look friendly. If they were our enemies, they would begin to attack us.

Squaw. Why do they kneel on the ground?

Chief. They may be praying to the Great Spirit.

Brave. They themselves look like spirits from heaven.

Chief. Perhaps we can make them understand us by signs.

Brave. I wish we could.

Chief. Let us welcome them !

(Indians approach the white men. They make signs and exchange presents. The Indians fall at the Spaniards' feet.)

Columbus (motioning them to rise, and examining some gold ornaments which the Indians have given him). This is a rich land, full of gold. We will lay claim to it. I am sure that no white man has ever been here before.

Enrico. It must be Asia. Perhaps we have found India.

Bianca. At any rate, we are the first to cross the Atlantic Ocean. That is something worth doing.

Alphonso. See the fine country and the beautiful trees! It is almost as pleasant here as it is in our own land.

Columbus. The natives are good-looking men. They have proud and noble faces.

Bianca. Their skin is dark, but they are well-formed.

Alphonso. And they are so friendly there is nothing to fear. If they were unfriendly, they might be dangerous enemies.

Enrico. When we come again, the king will give us all the men and ships we need.

Bianca. All Spain will want to come, after we go back and tell about this great country.

Columbus. Now we will claim this new land, and then explore the country (*unfurling the flag of Spain, and planting the staff in the ground*). In the name of the glorious sovereigns Ferdinand and Isabella, I take possession of this land and name it San Salvador.

(*They all go out.*)



VASCO NUNEZ DE BALBOA

SCENE I

*The Island of Hispaniola (Haiti). A Room
in a Dwelling*

CHARACTERS

Balboa and his friend Martino

Balboa (writing at a table). When do you expect to sail for the Isthmus (*Darien*)?

Martino (looking up from a book which he has been reading). To-morrow, if the wind is favorable.

Balboa. I wish that I might go with you. I am tired of living on this island, and I long for the adventures that you explorers will enjoy.

Martino. Why, I thought that you were going with us.

Balboa. How can I? My debts are so great that I am obliged to remain here until they are paid. I should be arrested if I were to leave.

Martino. I wish I had the money to lend you; but, as you know, I am a poor man.

Balboa. I thank you just the same, Martino. You have always been a good friend to me.

Martino. How long will it take to pay what you owe?

Balboa. All the rest of my life, I think, I have managed my affairs very badly. (*Holding up a long paper.*) These are only a few items of my indebtedness.

Martino. That is bad. We must devise some scheme by which you can escape from these difficulties.

Balboa. I have thought and planned in vain, until I am tired.

Martino (*rises and walks up and down, thinking deeply. He stops suddenly*). I have it, Balboa. I have it.

Balboa (*laughing*). Have what? Enough money to pay my debts?

Martino. No, a plan.

Balboa. Oh, is that all?

Martino. Yes, and a good one (*pointing to a large barrel*). Do you see that big cask yonder?

Balboa. Of course I do; what has that to do with a plan?

Martino. It has everything to do with it. Be patient and I will explain. I will pack you in that barrel and ship you as dried fruit, or some other kind of provisions.

Balboa (*laughing*). Nonsense. Being in debt is bad enough; but starving and smothering is worse. Besides, some one might turn the barrel upside down.

Martino. I will be responsible for keeping it right side up. Holes bored in the top will give you air; and you will not need much food for a day.

Balboa. It may take more than a day to reach the Isthmus.

Martino. Of course it will; but when we are safe at sea you can come out of your hiding place. The captain will never turn the ship around to bring you back. Besides, none of your creditors will be on board.

Balboa. If I thought the plan were possible, I would risk it.

Martino. I am sure that we shall succeed if you will agree to leave the matter to me.

Balboa (*rising from his chair*). Martino, I am tempted to try it.

Martino. Will you do it?

Balboa (*seizing Martino's hand*). Yes, I will. It is no great risk, and anything will be better than staying here.

(*They go out.*)

SCENE II

On Shipboard

CHARACTERS

Balboa

The Captain

The Mate

The Pilot

A Sailor

Sailor (running in, frightened). O masters, masters, I have seen a ghost!

Captain. What foolishness is this, man? There are no such things as ghosts.

Pilot. Whose ghost was it?

Sailor. Balboa's. He must have died just after we sailed.

Mate. Where did you see it?

Sailor. It's head was poking out of that barrel of provisions over there — the one with Martino's name on it.

Captain (whistling). That is strange. We had better look into this.

(Balboa is seen climbing out of the barrel. They all start back, amazed.)

Balboa (talking to himself). I'm glad to get out of that. I am so cramped I can scarcely move.

Captain (sternly). Balboa, how do you happen to be here? Explain yourself.

Balboa. I throw myself upon your mercy, Captain. I had to come in this way, or not at all. I owe so much money that there was no hope of my ever being able to leave the island.

Captain. Well, young man, do you think that we are willing to help you break the law, and —

Pilot (interrupting). Excuse my interruption, Captain, but we cannot turn the ship back now.

Captain. Then we can put him off at the next barren island.

Mate. He would starve to death.

Sailor (whimpering). Yes, and then his real ghost would haunt us.

Captain, Silence! It shall be as I say.

Balboa. I am in your power, Captain. I have no excuse to offer; but I hoped that you would not be hard on me.

Sailor (falling to his knees). Have pity on him, Captain. Let him go along with us.

Martino (approaching). All this is my fault. Let me take the punishment.

Captain. You both deserve punishment for evading the law; but I will not decide against you too hastily.

Martino. It is an unjust law that has left Balboa so long at Hispaniola. He can earn money to pay his debts twice as fast at the Isthmus, where there is more work to do.

Captain. Was that your intention in coming, Balboa?

Balboa. Indeed, sir, I intend to pay every cent.

Captain. In that case you may go with us;
but a law should be obeyed until a better
one takes its place.

Balboa. I thank you for your kindness to me.
(*All go except Balboa and Martino.*)

Martino. That was a narrow escape.

Balboa. Yes, but it was worth the risk.
(*They go out arm in arm.*)

SCENE III

The Mainland

CHARACTERS

Balboa

Martino

The Captain

The Mate

The Pilot

Other sailors



Captain. I fear we shall never find our way
out of here.

Mate. We ought to be glad that we escaped from the shipwreck.

Captain. If we had been farther from the mainland, the small boats might have been swamped in the high waves before we reached the shore. The ship sank soon after we left her.

Pilot. It was a terrible storm; but there is very little choice between drowning at sea and starving on land. One thing is about as bad as the other.

Balboa. Keep up your courage. Here is a landmark that I remember seeing when I was here before. At the right of this old stump is a trail leading to an Indian village. The inhabitants used to be friendly to white men, and they will give us food.

Sailor. That is lucky. Let us follow our leader.

(*They go out.*)

SCENE IV

Indian Village

CHARACTERS

*Indians and the same Spaniards as in
Scene III*

(Balboa understands the native language, which he is supposed to use in speaking to the natives. The others are supposed to speak their own tongue.)

Captain (to Indian chief). It is very kind of you to give us food and shelter.

Chief. You are welcome to anything in our village.

Balboa. What I want most is some of this *(pointing to some gold)*.

Pilot (picking up a piece). That is a fine nugget.

Mate. It must be worth a great deal.

Brave. Did you people leave your homes and

travel so far just to get that yellow stuff?
This island is full of it.

Balboa. Yes, we are anxious to obtain as much as we can carry; for it is very scarce where we come from.

Brave. I know a place where there is so much that the inhabitants eat and drink out of gold dishes.

Balboa. Tell us where we can find that country.

Chief. You must sail on a great ocean, and you will need a great many men.

Brave. The way is rough. There are high mountains to climb, and the natives are unfriendly.

Balboa. I am not afraid. (*To his followers*)
Will you go on a dangerous journey with me, friends?

Captain. We are willing to take any risk and stand by you in every danger.

Chief. We should be sorry to see you go; but if you are determined, good luck to you!

Squaw (entering with papoose on her back).

Dinner is ready in the wigwam.

Chief (laughing). We are always ready to answer that call.

(All go out.)

SCENE V

A Grove on a Hill near the Pacific (Isthmus of Darien)

CHARACTERS

Balboa

Martino

Pizarro and others

Balboa. We must be near the great ocean that we have come so far to find.

Martino. The Indians said that we could see the ocean from the highest point of these hills.

Pizarro. This is the highest hill we have

found yet. Beyond those trees perhaps we may find the end of our journey.

Balboa (walks ahead a short distance and stops).

Look, my men ! Yonder is the blue ocean. See it shimmer in the sunlight !

Pizarro (approaching). That is wonderful.

Beyond those waters there is gold by the shipload.

Martino. We are the first Spaniards to discover the ocean that leads to the land of gold.

Pizarro. Let us call it the South Sea, so that by this name our discovery may be known.

Balboa. We will set up a cross on this hill, and take possession of this peak in the name of Spain. Then I will wade into the water as Columbus did when he discovered the Indies, and I will proclaim Spain's ownership of this ocean.

(Balboa wades into the water, waves the Spanish ensign, and says, "I take possession of this

sea, in the name of the king of Spain," while the other men erect a rude cross on the hill. They all sing part of the *Te Deum*, and, singing, walk away.)



JOLIET AND MARQUETTE

SCENE I

*A Mission Station founded by Father Marquette
on the North Shore of Lake Michigan*

CHARACTERS

Father Marquette

Joliet

Jacques

Pierre

Henri

Jean

Amiel

Joliet (to Marquette). This is a pleasant spot where you have established your mission.

Marquette. Yes, but it is bitter cold in winter. I had, however, little choice in selecting a site; we were driven here from the upper lakes by the Iroquois Indians.

Joliet. What tribes live in yonder huts (*mo-*

tioning toward them) within your palisade of cedar posts?

Marquette. Hurons and Ottawas, and they are particularly kind and friendly.

Joliet. They will miss you when we start on our expedition.

Marquette (*contemplating a crucifix held in his hand*). I should never go, if it were not for the fact that I wish to spread the Christian religion among the strange tribes who live where we are going.

Joliet. While you are converting the savages I will search for that great river of the West about which adventurers have dreamed so long. (*He points toward the west with a sweeping gesture.*)

Marquette. I have no doubt that we shall both accomplish our purposes.

Joliet. It is fortunate that you understand the language of the red men.

Marquette. Yes, that knowledge has often aided me in helping my people.

Joliet. Governor Frontenac has told me that you can make yourself understood by more than one tribe.

Marquette. Yes, I have a fair command of the language of six tribes.

Joliet. Such skill will be valuable in finding our way in the new land to which we shall journey.

(Enter the other five explorers.)

Marquette. Here are our faithful companions.

(All touch their caps in recognition of the priest's remark.)

Pierre. The provisions are all ready to stow away in the canoes.

Joliet. Then let us get ready to start as soon as possible.

Jean. If the weather does not change, we shall have a good voyage. *(He scans the horizon.)*

Henri (piling up some boxes). Where shall we put this smoked meat?

Marquette (pointing to a canoe). In the smaller canoe, which is to carry only three of us. The Indian corn and the other provisions should be packed in the larger canoe.

Amiel. How shall we divide the company for this expedition?

Joliet. Father Marquette will go with Henri and Jean. I will take charge of the other canoe with the rest of us.

Jacques. Everything seems to be ready.

Marquette. Then let us start at once.

Jean (distributing paddles). Here are the paddles. We have half a dozen extra ones in case we should break those that we are using.

Joliet. That is a wise precaution. We are liable to find rough water and hidden rocks before we reach our destination.

(Indians crowd around and watch the proceedings.)

Marquette (to Indians). It makes me sad to leave you, my faithful friends.

Chief. We shall pray for your safe return.

Marquette. That is right. Remember my teachings, and live peaceably with one another. Good-by.

(Indians and white men shake hands with one another. All go out.)

SCENE II

*Near an Indian Village between the Wisconsin
and Menomonee Rivers*

CHARACTERS

Same as in Scene I

Marquette (pointing). See that cross on yonder high hill. We must be nearing friends.

Henri. It is covered with feathers and ornaments.

Amiel. There are clothes, too, hanging on it.

Jacques. It is an Indian custom to ornament everything.

Jean. One can scarcely recognize it as a cross, it has so many trimmings.

Joliet. It is so long since breakfast, let us eat our meal here on the shore before we approach the Indian settlement.

(Men prepare supper.)

Marquette. When we first landed, the Menomonee Indians warned us of great dangers hereabouts. I am glad that we have met none yet.

Jacques. I wonder when we shall find those river monsters on the rocks. The chief said they would eat both us and our canoes.

Pierre. We have not yet found that gulf where the evil spirit tears people to pieces.

Jean. Nor have we met the hostile tribes that will not permit us to cross their borders.

Marquette (raising a cross). Fear not. At the sight of this, no evil spirits or enemies can harm us.

Amiel. Supper is ready.

Joliet. Then let us eat.

(While they are eating, an Indian face appears among the bushes and then disappears. They all rise hurriedly.)

Marquette. That was a scout. In a few minutes we may expect to see some more of our neighbors.

Joliet (to Henri). Hurry and get some presents ready, so that we shall be prepared for their visit.

(Henri gets some beads, scissors, cloth, etc. Several Indians enter.)

Marquette (holding up cross). By this sign we are brothers.

Chief. We are glad to welcome the friendly palefaces and the "black robe" to our wigwams.

Marquette. We thank you, but we must hasten on our journey.

Chief. How far are you going?

Marquette. To the "big river" far to the west.

Chief. If you cannot tarry with us, we should be glad to help you on your way.

Marquette. We need a guide for each boat. The region is unknown to us.

Chief (motions to two scouts, who step forward). These men know the country well. They have been far to the West and South, and are acquainted with every trail.

(Scouts nod assent.)

Joliet (to Marquette). If those are guides, engage them at once.

Marquette (to chief). We shall be glad of their services, and if they will come with us we will start at once. *(He offers Chief presents.)* Take these gifts as a token of our appreciation.

Chief (to Indians who are crowding round to look). See these beautiful beads that the palefaces brought us. *(To white men.)* Thank you.

(Indians grunt with admiration.)

Chief (taking a large rush mat from the arms of

a brave). We will give you this to sleep on at night. The squaws made it, and it is soft and warm.

Marquette. That is very kind of you.

(The men crowd around and admire it. Marquette raises his crucifix to bless the Indians. Good-byes are said. The white men start out, followed by the Indians.)

Chief. Good luck to you!

Marquette. God bless you, friends.

(All go out.)

SCENE III

Illinois Indian Settlement on the Shore of the Mississippi River, in what is now Iowa

CHARACTERS

Joliet

Marquette

Jacques

Henri

Pierre

Jean

Amiel

Joliet. This is a wonderful country. I am glad that we came.

Marquette. The groves and the forests are beautiful. In fact, everything grows more luxuriantly than at home.

Henri. The scenery is entirely different. See the prairies in every direction, with steep cliffs on the river banks.

Jacques. What an abundance of grape vines we have passed! I wish that the grapes were ripe. A bunch would taste very good just now.

Jean. I have never seen so many strange flowers. They are not at all like those in Canada.

Pierre. Yesterday I saw five deer and a buffalo, and —

Marquette (*interrupting*). Look! I have found human footprints in the mud. Here is one, and yonder are more. (*He points out the footprints.*)

Joliet (*examining the ground*). Here is a well-

defined trail. If these are the marks of human feet, there must be people not far distant.

Amiel. The path may lead to an Indian village.

Joliet. Father Marquette and I will follow the trail and see where it leads. The rest of you go over there and guard the boats. (*He points to one side. All go out except Joliet and Marquette.*)

Marquette. I hope that we shall find the Indians friendly. So far we have been very fortunate in that respect.

Joliet. We must be careful not to surprise them. When we approach the settlement, let us shout. Then they will know that we are not enemies. (*Joliet and Marquette go out.*)

SCENE IV

Near an Indian Village

(Joliet and Marquette approach, shouting, "Hello! Hello!" Indians appear, carrying two peace pipes.)

First Chief. Palefaces, we are glad to see you. One of our scouts spied you in the woods; and we hoped you would come our way.

Marquette. God bless you, good chief! We are grateful for your welcome.

Second Chief. You honor us with your presence.

Medicine Man. The sun shines brighter, the forest is more beautiful, and the river runs more smoothly since you came.

Second Chief. Let us smoke the pipe of peace.

(They pass around the pipe and smoke silently.)

First Chief. As a proof of our friendship I

give you this boy as a present. (*He takes an Indian boy by the hand and leads him to Joliet.*)

Joliet. Thank you. He will be very useful to help us on our travels.

First Chief. Now let us begin to feast.

(*A squaw brings in a dish of corn meal, and the chief feeds his guests with a spoon.*)

Second Chief. We have cooked a fine fat dog in your honor.

(*They all eat together; then the Indians dance the calumet dance, and all again smoke the pipe of peace.*)

First Chief (*presenting a calumet to Marquette*).

Here, "black robe," is a safeguard. This peace pipe is a token of friendship between your governor and the tribe of the Illinois. It shall be decked with white feathers, and it will remind you to return.

Marquette (*raising his hand to bless them*).

When we come back, I will teach you about our religion, which always brings peace and good will.

(They all go out.)

SCENE V

Shore of the Mississippi near the Mouth of the Illinois

CHARACTERS

Same as Scene IV

Joliet (pointing ahead). See, there are the monsters described by the Menomonee Indians. What vivid imaginations the red men have!

Marquette. Those are only Indian pictures on the rocks.

Amiel. Look, they have men's bodies with fish's scales, red eyes, and the horns of deer. Think of being afraid of anything like that!

Pierre. The roaring of the rapids must be the voice of the evil spirit. It is loud enough to frighten anybody who does not know better.

Henri. Farther on we may find the Indians who made the pictures on the rocks. One of the guides says that they carry guns instead of bows and arrows and call their muskets "fire sticks."

Jean. Where did they get them?

Henri. They bought them of the Spaniards, who have a settlement not far distant.

Jacques. If we go any farther, we may be captured.

Joliet. We have met no very great danger yet. Let us wait until your fears are realized before we return.

Marquette. That is a good idea. We have made good progress; but we must not subject our men to unnecessary danger. Heaven will protect us.

Pierre. I myself am willing to go as far as you think best.

Jean. Indeed, I think we all are.

(The others nod assent.)

Joliet. Well, let us prepare to continue our journey.

(All go out.)

SCENE VI

Indian Settlement near the Mouth of the Arkansas River

CHARACTERS

Same as in Scene V, with the addition of Indians

(Marquette shows pipe of peace. Older Indians hold back young braves, who are brandishing war clubs, knives, and tomahawks.)

Marquette (to Joliet). These men are unfriendly to us, and I do not know their language.

Joliet. Perhaps they will not harm us. The older men are holding back the braves.

Henri. The sight of the calumet is restraining them.

Marquette (supposed to be using Illinois language). Is there any one here who can speak with us?

Brave (stepping forward). Yes, I can understand you. What do you want?

Marquette. We are following the course of the river.

Brave. You will never live to go any farther, and if you stay here longer you are liable to be killed by this tribe.

Chief (to *Braves*). There is no reason why you should get the ill will of these strange men. Bring something for them to eat.

Medicine Man. Make them eat until they are sick.

Squaw. Why do they come here? We do not want them.

Medicine Man. Let us give them such a savage welcome they will never return.

(Indians offer large quantities of food and try to force the white men to eat it.)

Joliet (to his men). I think we had better go back to Canada and tell Governor Frontenac what we have seen. So far, the expedition has been successful and we have made some valuable explorations.

Marquette. That is a wise decision. There is now no doubt that the Mississippi flows into the Gulf of Mexico, and that is what we came to find out.

Joliet. Let us start at once, and may we have as good luck going as we had coming.
(All go out.)

SCENE VII

Montreal — Room in the House of Governor Frontenac

CHARACTERS

<i>Joliet</i>	<i>Jacques</i>
<i>Henri</i>	<i>Pierre</i>

Frontenac (*shaking hands with the men*). Welcome, brave travelers !

Joliet. We are indeed glad to be home after our long journey.

Frontenac. Tell me something about the last hours of good Father Marquette.

Joliet. The hardships of the trip exhausted his strength. Though he was ill, he persevered. At length he could go no farther, and finally breathed his last.

Henri. While we were resting at our different stopping places, he was teaching and preaching to the Indians.

Pierre. He was the finest, bravest man I ever knew.

Jacques. Always kind and patient, he never complained.

Henri. We shall never forget him.

Pierre. We buried him on the shore of Lake Michigan. May he rest in peace.

Joliet. What these men say is all true.

Frontenac. I understand that you had a perilous trip down the Lachine Rapids.

Joliet. Yes, my canoe was overturned. Poor Amiel and Jean were drowned, also the Indian boy we brought from the tribe of the Illinois, and we lost all the valuable records of the journey made by Father Marquette.

Frontenac. That is unfortunate; but you men are alive and well, and you have accomplished much in following the great river so far. Honor is due such brave explorers. Let us withdraw and talk of your travels at greater length.

(All go out.)



GEORGE ROGERS CLARK

SCENE I

A Road in Virginia

CHARACTERS

The Governor (Patrick Henry)

A Guide

Clark

Two Hunters

(Clark and Two Hunters enter.)

Clark. I am uncertain which road to take.

First Hunter (pointing to the right). This shows signs of more travel.

Second Hunter. Listen! I hear some one coming.

Clark (listening). True. I hear two voices.

(Voices are heard in the distance.)

First Hunter. I hope they are not highway robbers.

Clark (examining his gun). If they are, we are ready for them.

Second Hunter. Let them come!

(Enter Governor and a Guide)

Governor. Good day, travelers.

Clark. Good day, sir. Can you tell us which road leads to Richmond?

Guide (pointing). The one on the right.

First Hunter. That is what I thought.

Governor. We are going that way, also, and should be glad of your company.

Clark. Thank you. We will come gladly, but let us rest by this stream and have something to eat before going farther.

Governor. That will suit us.

(The hunters unpack the provisions, and all sit down to eat.)

Governor. May I ask whether you are going far?

Clark. I am seeking Patrick Henry, the governor.

Governor. Have you ever seen him?

Clark. No, but I shall not go home until I do.

Governor (laughing). That accounts for the fact that you do not recognize him.

Clark (starting forward in surprise). Have I the honor of speaking to him now?

(They both rise.)

Governor. I am Patrick Henry.

Clark. This is a fortunate meeting for me. My name is Clark, and I came from near the Ohio River where the British are persecuting the settlers. I have a letter of introduction from a relative of yours.

(He hands letter to Governor, who reads part of it aloud.)

Governor (reading). "This is to introduce my friend, George Lewis Clark. Any assistance that you can give him I shall consider a personal favor." *(They shake hands.)*

Governor. I am glad to know you, sir. Your business must be urgent to bring you so far.

(They sit down.)

Clark. I have traveled about six hundred miles in a month; but I would go twice as far to accomplish what I have set out to do.

Governor. A trip through such a rough region is a true test of endurance.

Clark. I am planning a still greater expedition.

Governor. You must be a lover of adventure.

Clark. My chief aim is to serve my country.

Governor. I am impatient to know your plans.

Clark. I am anxious to drive the British out of the region near the Ohio, where they and their Indian allies are treating the settlers cruelly.

Governor. That is a worthy mission; but how do you propose to accomplish it?

Clark. By capturing the British strongholds.

But I shall need men and money. That is why I have come to seek your assistance.

Governor. A suitable appropriation would require a vote of the Legislature.

Clark. To obtain that would cause delay. If you are willing to help me, what is the largest sum of money that you could let me have?

Governor. Five or six thousand dollars, perhaps, but no more.

Clark. That would be of great assistance, if I can raise a sufficient number of men to go with me.

Governor. That, also, involves delay.

Clark. Why not publish a notice that I have the right to enlist soldiers to defend the colonists?

Guide. I will go with you.

First Hunter. And I.

Second Hunter. You can count on me.

Governor (laughing). Well, you have three good recruits already.

Clark. What compensation could I offer the men who go with me?

Governor. A few hundred acres of land ought to be sufficient inducement.

Clark. That would, no doubt, be satisfactory.

Guide. I would go for nothing.

(Hunters nod approval.)

Governor (rising and walking up and down).

Very well, I will appoint you colonel of militia with the right to raise an army.

How many men do you need?

Clark. About a hundred and fifty would be sufficient.

Governor. I will do all that I can for you in this good cause. Now let us continue our journey. By night we can reach the city, where the final plans may be made.

(All pick up their belongings and go out.)

SCENE II

A Stockade on an Island in the Ohio River

CHARACTERS

Clark

(A Sentry)

Henry

Barker

George

Martin

Other Recruits

(Barker is cleaning a rifle. Martin is sharpening a hatchet.)

Barker. I wonder how soon we shall have a chance to use these weapons against the British.

Martin. Before long, I hope. I am tired of waiting.

Clark (entering with Henry and George, and overhearing the last remarks). If my plans turn out as I expect, we shall meet the enemy in a little while.

Martin. That is good. Where are we going next?

Clark. George, go and tell the rest of the recruits to come in here. Then I will tell you all about it.

(George salutes and goes out.)

Barker. We are well drilled, and in good fighting trim.

(George enters with the recruits. All gather around Clark.)

Clark. I sent for you to tell you that we will continue our trip West in a few days. Our destination will be Vincennes and Kaskaskia. We must capture these forts and drive the British out.

George. We can never do that.

Martin. Of course we can.

Clark. There is no such word as failure.

Henry. If I had known about this, I should never have left Tennessee.

Barker. Keep up your courage, man. We are soldiers now.

Clark. That is the right spirit, Barker.

George. I am going back home before we are all killed.

Henry. So am I.

Clark. Indeed you are not. If you attempt to desert, you will be punished.

(Some of the recruits gather around George and Henry and grumble among themselves.)

Martin (speaking to *Barker* and motioning toward those who are grumbling). They have not the courage of flies.

Barker. Well, if it comes to the worst, there are enough of us without them.

Clark. No, we need every one of you. We will attack Kaskaskia first, marching secretly across the country until we reach the fort.

Barker. I am glad we are going to start so soon.

Clark. It is time we all turned in for the night. To-morrow we must begin early preparations for the trip.

(All lie down and go to sleep.)

Henry (sitting up and speaking in an audible whisper to George). Let us escape while they are all asleep.

George. How can we get past the guard?

Henry. Hush! I hear footsteps now.

(They both lie down again. Passing steps are heard.)

Sentry (from outside). Nine o'clock. All's well.

(Steps recede.)

Henry. Hurry, we can go out now and be gone before he comes this way again.

George. Then we can wade to the Kentucky shore and hide in the woods.

(They go out softly. At the door Henry knocks his foot against something, making a noise.)

George. Hush! Clark is stirring.

(They crouch down. Clark turns over.)

Henry. Now let us run as fast as we can.

(They go out.)

Clark (sitting up). I thought I heard some one

going out. (*Sentry's step is heard outside.*)
Hello there, sentry.

(*Sentry appears at door with lantern, and salutes.*)

Sentry. What is it, sir?

Clark. Did you see anybody moving about, or hear anything unusual?

Sentry. No, sir, I have seen and heard nothing out of the ordinary.

Clark. Turn your lantern this way.

(*He holds the lantern high and turns it in the direction indicated. The men sit up and rub their eyes.*)

Barker. What is the trouble? Are the British here?

Clark. Henry and George have escaped.

Martin. I was just dreaming that they had deserted.

Clark. Well, your dream has come true.

(*All get up.*)

Barker. Let us form a searching party and bring them back.

Clark. They have just gone. We shall have no difficulty in tracking them, for the ground is still soft from yesterday's rain.

Martin. A man who deserts has no shame!
(*All take up guns and hatchets and go out.*)

SCENE III

A Room in the Fort at Kaskaskia

CHARACTERS

<i>Clark</i>	<i>An Indian</i>
<i>Martin</i>	<i>A Fiddler</i>
<i>A Priest</i>	<i>British Officers</i>
<i>Barker</i>	<i>Dancers</i>

(*The Fiddler is playing; dancers are dancing the Virginia Reel. Clark is leaning against the door, looking on. Barker and Martin are standing near Clark. An Indian is performing a dance of his own.*)

Clark (to Barker and Martin). It is a wonder that they have not discovered us.

Barker. They think we are either French or English from some neighboring settlement. If they knew who we really are there would be no more merriment here to-night.

Martin. I hope the men outside will keep quiet long enough to give us a chance to watch the dancers for a while.

Clark. Some of them are very graceful.

Barker. The Indian is getting tired.

Martin. I should think he might. A dance as wild as that is enough to exhaust any one.

(The Indian sits down on the floor and fans himself with his hand. He motions for Clark and his men to join the dancers. They shake their heads. The Indian comes nearer, looks at them, and grunts.)

Barker. He seems displeased.

Clark. Most Indians have the habit of seeming displeased.

Martin. When are you going to give the signal for the soldiers to take possession of the fort?

Clark. As soon as this dance is over. It is too bad to put an end to their pleasure, but we have no time to lose.

Martin. That Indian is trying to hear what we are saying.

Barker. He looks uglier than ever.

(Indian gives a war whoop. The dancers stop suddenly. The Fiddler stops playing. Everybody talks at once.)

Clark (raising his hand to command silence.)
Go on with your dancing, but understand that you are no longer subjects of the king of England. This place is in the hands of Virginia.

(Clark blows a whistle. His soldiers rush in, with the officers of the fort as prisoners.)

An Officer. Resistance is useless. The fort is surrounded and captured.

A Dancer. We ask for nothing but our lives.

Clark. We are not here to kill. We come to free you from the tyranny of England.

A Dancer. What do you want us to do?

Clark. Swear allegiance to America.

An Officer. What would King Louis of France say?

Barker. Your king is going to send us ships and money.

A Dancer. If that is so, I do not see why we should not do as the gentleman suggests.

Clark. You might as well go on with your dancing. We shall not harm you.

Fiddler. I am so frightened I could not play another tune to save my life. (*He trembles and drops his violin bow on the floor.*)

Clark. Go to your houses, all of you! We are in possession of the fort. Anybody seen outside his door to-night will be shot.

A Dancer. Let us go home.

A Priest (entering). What does this confusion mean ?

An Officer. The Americans have taken possession of Kaskaskia.

Priest (to Clark). What do you intend to do to my people ?

Clark. Nothing, so long as they conduct themselves in a peaceable manner.

Priest. They are quiet, God-fearing men and women. I hope you will treat them with consideration.

Clark. That depends entirely on themselves.

A Dancer. I should be just as well pleased to be under the rule of America as under that of England.

Priest. I trust that you will not close our church.

Clark. By the laws of our Republic, one church has as much right as another.

Priest. If all conquerors were as generous, war would lose its terrors.

Clark. To-morrow we will explain matters

more fully. (*To soldiers.*) Take the prisoners to the guard room, and lock them up for the night. The rest of you go home, and stay there until the bugle blows in the morning.

(*All but Clark, Barker, and Martin go out hurriedly, followed by the Indian, who is grunting and making grimaces.*)

Martin. I expected more trouble than this.

Barker. They saw that there was no use in resisting.

Clark. Let us hope that we shall be as successful at Vincennes.

(*They go out.*)

SCENE IV

Cahokia (near Kaskaskia.)

CHARACTERS

Clark, his riflemen, Chiefs of the Ottawas, the Chippewas, the Pottawattomies, the Sacs, and the Foxes, and men of their tribes

(Clark, his riflemen, and the chiefs with hands and feet bound, stand together. The Indians file in and squat round in a circle. All are supposed to speak in Indian tongue. The Indians are silent and gloomy.)

Clark. Red men, the Long Knives have called you to this council. Before we begin we will release your captive chiefs. *(Riflemen cut the cords which bind the hands and feet of the captive chiefs.)* Do you see this bloody war belt? I hold it in my right hand to show that we have no fear of you.

Chief of Ottawas. The white chief is brave.

Chief of Pottawattomies. Let us hear what else he has to say.

Clark. We have a right to put you all to death for your cruelty to our people; but I will let you go outside the town. Then in three days we will make war upon you.

Chief of Sacs. We do not want to fight. We might have our hands and feet bound again.

(He feels his wrists.)

Clark. Here in my left hand I carry the belt of peace. If you wish to choose that, you may; but if you wish to make the war belt bloodier, I will call so many warriors from the thirteen council fires that they will darken the land.

Chief of Foxes. Ugh! Give me the peace belt.

Chief of Chippewas. Let us smoke the calumet.

Clark. No, I will not smoke with you, after all that you have done; but I will give you the peace belt if you want it.

(Chiefs all rush forward, seize it, and pass it around.)

Chief of Ottawas. What can we do to gain your favor?

Clark. Give us two braves to be killed here before your eyes, to remind you of what you have done to innocent people.

(Indians all grunt and groan. Finally, two

braves come forward and offer themselves. They give Clark their tomahawks, sit at his feet, bow their heads, and cover them with blankets.)

Chief of Pottawattomies. Those are two of our strongest young braves. Do not kill them.

Clark. They well deserve the name of braves. I will pardon them both. I will forgive you, also, for your misdeeds if you will promise not to go on the warpath again.

Chief of Sacs. We promise.

Other chiefs. Yes, we promise.

Clark. Very well, then, to-morrow we will have a feast to celebrate this great peace council.

(All go out, looking pleased.)



SCENE V

A Room in a House in the Village of Vincennes

CHARACTERS

Clark

A Messenger American Soldiers

Hamilton Indians

Helm

Clark (writing at a table). I wonder what reply the British general will send to my summons to surrender. I told him that 'if we were obliged to storm the fort, we would treat the captors as murderers.

Messenger (entering and saluting). A letter from General Hamilton, sir. (*He hands Clark a dispatch, and stands at attention.*)

Clark (taking dispatch and hurriedly tearing it open). This is a strange answer. (*Reading.*) "British soldiers will do nothing dishonorable." I had hoped for peaceful surrender, but I fear that we must renew the

attack. Send Captain Helm to me at once.

Messenger. Yes, sir. (*He salutes and goes out.*)

Clark. This may be a ruse on the part of General Hamilton. I cannot believe that he will stand a siege.

Captain Helm (entering and saluting). You sent for me, sir.

Clark (motioning toward a chair). Yes, be seated. I wanted to confer with you regarding another attack on the fort.

Helm. That will be unnecessary. I heard one of the British soldiers say that a flag of truce will be raised in a short time.

Clark. If that report is reliable, we shall be saved a great deal of trouble.

Messenger (entering and saluting). The British have raised a flag of truce.

Clark. Wait, and I will send a message to Hamilton. (*He writes a note and hands it to the messenger.*) Bring a reply as soon as possible.

Messenger. Very well, sir. (*He salutes and goes out.*)

Clark. I have asked him to meet me here.

Helm. That is a good idea. I hope that satisfactory terms may be made.

Clark. Satisfaction or war is what I mean to have.

Messenger (*entering with Hamilton and saluting*). I met General Hamilton on his way here.

(*Clark motions for messenger to withdraw. He salutes and goes out.*)

Clark (*rising and pointing to a chair*). Be seated, sir.

(*They both sit down stiffly.*)

Hamilton. I have come to discuss the terms of the surrender of Vincennes.

Clark. It must be unconditional, or a siege will follow.

Hamilton. I should like to ask that you practice no cruelty on the captors.

Clark (rising angrily). Do you talk to us of cruelty after you have sent out savage Indians to slaughter men, women, and children? Oh, this is absurd. (*He throws himself down in his chair.*)

Hamilton (tapping nervously with his foot). Anything is said to be fair in war.

Clark. It is a pleasure to tell you that Americans have no such belief.

(*Enter officers in charge of captured scalping party, which had been sent out by Hamilton. Each has a scalp at his belt. Indians grunt at one another and touch their scalping knives.*)

Clark. Here is an example of your cruelty. Each one of those scalps means murder. It is outrageous. You deserve no quarter from us.

(*They both rise.*)

Helm. What punishment should be given them?

Clark. Have them shot and their bodies

thrown into the river. That treatment is merciful compared to the outrages that they have committed.

(Helm leads them out. Clark and Hamilton are left alone.)

Hamilton (nervously moving about). When do you wish the surrender to take place?

Clark. As soon as possible. To-morrow morning the British flag shall be hauled down, and the fort and its supplies shall be turned over to us. You shall all be made prisoners of war, and sent to Virginia. The name of the fort shall be changed to Patrick Henry, and the entire Ohio region will belong to America instead of to England. I will see that a guard escorts you safely back to the fort, if you wish to return now.

(Hamilton bows stiffly and passes out, followed by Clark.)

SIR WALTER RALEIGH

SCENE I

Farmhouse near the Otter River in the Southern Part of England

CHARACTERS

Walter Raleigh

Catherine Raleigh, his wife

Walter, their son

Humphrey and Adrian, his two half-brothers

Catherine Raleigh (to Raleigh). I wish these boys would come home. Supper is all ready, and they are not here yet.

Raleigh. No doubt they will be back soon. But there is no occasion for anxiety about Walter, so long as he is with Humphrey and Adrian. They always take good care of him.



Catherine Raleigh. What you say is true; but hunting in these forests is more or less dangerous. (*She looks at the clock.*) It is already a quarter past six. If they do not come in half an hour, you had better go to look for them.

(*Enter Walter, Humphrey, and Adrian, with guns and a brace of partridges.*)

Walter. Here we are, mother, as hungry as wolves.

Catherine Raleigh. I am glad you came home before your supper got cold. I was beginning to wonder what had become of you.

Raleigh. What luck did you have with your hunting, boys?

Humphrey. These birds are all we shot, but they are good fat ones.

Raleigh (examining the birds). They are the best I have seen this season.

Adrian. Over at the edge of the woods, Walter missed a deer by a hair's breadth.

Walter. Better luck next time! Hunting is great sport, whether you shoot anything or not. By the way, mother, are we going to have something good for supper? (*He looks at table.*)

Catherine Raleigh. Yes, everything is ready. Come, everybody, and sit down at once.

(*They sit around supper table.*)

Raleigh. Well, I suppose next week Walter will be leaving us to go to college; so he will have to get all his hunting done before then.

Adrian (laughing). We are going again tomorrow to shoot that deer he missed.

Catherine Raleigh (to Walter). I hope, my boy, that you will work hard at Oxford.

Walter. I will do as well as I can; but I would prefer to go to sea.

Catherine Raleigh. Where did you get that notion, child?

Adrian. He has been reading about Columbus and Magellan, and wants to be an explorer.

Humphrey. Ever since I gave him that book about their voyages he has been wild to set sail.

Raleigh. Stories of such brave men will do him no harm. Perhaps he can carry out his ambitions after he graduates from college.

Walter. Yesterday I was talking with a couple of old sailors on the beach, and they told me more about the sea than I have ever read in books.

Raleigh. Well, we will consider that subject again, when you are a few years older. (*To Catherine.*) I believe in letting the boy do what he seems best fitted to do. (*She nods assent.*)

Walter. I am fifteen this month. When I graduate from Oxford, I shall be eighteen. Then I am going to be a sailor.

Catherine Raleigh. You are too young to choose your life work now. Adrian and Humphrey have not made up their minds

yet what they are going to do, and they are over twenty.

Adrian. If everybody is through supper, let us go out and prepare the partridges for to-morrow's breakfast. What do you say, mother?

Catherine Raleigh. Very well. You boys may do the work, and I will see that the birds are cooked for you.

(Adrian picks up the birds.)

Walter. Partridges are all right, but I hope I shall shoot some deer to-morrow.

(All go out.)

SCENE II

A Room in Oxford University

CHARACTERS

Raleigh and his Cousin, Henry Champenon

(Raleigh is studying at a table. Henry enters.)

Henry. My, but you are working hard!

Raleigh. I am trying to get ready for the approaching examinations.

Henry (sitting down). How would you like a vacation?

Raleigh. Nothing would suit me better.

Henry (rising). Then come with me to France. There is war between the king and the Huguenots, and I am going to fight for the Huguenots.

Raleigh. Are you going alone?

Henry. Oh, no, there are a hundred of us.

Raleigh. That will be interesting. I have half a notion to go, too.

Henry (walking across the room). Come along. You can finish your college work another year.

Raleigh. I have always wanted an adventure like this.

Henry (returns and sits on the edge of the table.)

Well, here is your chance. We will have a glorious trip, and perhaps win endless fame.

Raleigh. When do you start?

Henry. In about a week four ships will be ready to take us.

Raleigh. All right, I am with you.

Henry. If you have time to come down to the village with me now, you can meet the rest of the party. They will all be there inside of half an hour.

Raleigh. That I will. (*He takes his cap, and they both start out.*) At last my wish to go to sea will be satisfied. I must write home to father and mother to-night and tell them of my good fortune.

(*Both go out.*)

SCENE III

England — A Park near Queen Elizabeth's Castle



CHARACTERS

Queen Elizabeth

A Lady-in-waiting

Raleigh

Earl of Leicester

Elizabeth (to Lady-in-waiting). I had no idea there was so much mud about here. *(She picks up her skirts.)*

Lady. It rained very hard during the night. *(She points to the wet grass.)*

Elizabeth. The ground is soaked. We cannot cross this wet place without soiling our shoes. *(They stand, undecided.)*

Lady. Yonder is the Earl of Leicester. Perhaps he will help us across.

Elizabeth (looking in the direction indicated). Who is that man with him?

Lady. Walter Raleigh, who has just returned to England.

Elizabeth (lowering her voice). He is the man who went to France when he was eighteen years old, to fight for the Huguenots.

Lady. Yes, and after that he fought in Holland.

Elizabeth. He and his brother, Sir Humphrey, made an unsuccessful voyage to America. I have forgotten where he went next.

Lady. Last year he was in Ireland putting down the Rebellion.

Elizabeth. The man has led a very busy life.

Lady (*motioning toward the men who have been conversing*). See! He and Leicester are coming to our assistance.

(*Raleigh and Leicester approach; both bow low.*)

Leicester. Permit us to assist you in stepping across that muddy place.

Elizabeth. It is a long step. I am afraid that we cannot succeed in making it.

(*Raleigh quickly removes his cloak and throws it down for the queen to walk over. The two men take off their hats and bow low. Elizabeth walks on the cloak. The Lady-in-waiting follows.*)

Elizabeth. Walter Raleigh, there is not a more gallant cavalier than you in all my court.

Raleigh. It is an honor to serve your Majesty.

Elizabeth. Your manner of speech is as courteous as the deed you have just performed.

Raleigh (picking up cloak). I shall preserve this mud-stained garment as one of my most valued possessions.

Elizabeth. I shall see that you are generously rewarded for your kindness. We do not forget such courtesy.

Raleigh. Your approval is the only reward I seek.

Elizabeth. Leicester, I shall expect you to bring this gentleman to the castle the next time you come.

Leicester. I shall be glad to do your Majesty's bidding. When are we expected?

Elizabeth. To-morrow, without fail.

Leicester. We shall be there.

(The men bow and kiss the queen's hand.

Elizabeth and Lady-in-waiting go one way.

The men go in the opposite direction.)

SCENE IV

Raleigh's Room

CHARACTERS

Raleigh

A Messenger

(Raleigh is reading a book. A knock is heard.)

Raleigh. Who can that be at this time of night? I wish I might be let alone until I finish this tale. *(Raleigh opens door.)*

Raleigh. Good evening, sir. I know your face, but cannot recall your name.

Messenger. I was sent here by the queen.

Raleigh. Come in. Come in. What is your errand?

(Messenger enters, carrying a letter and a bundle.)

Messenger. There is no reply to carry back, so I will not stop.

Raleigh. Nonsense, my friend, there is no hurry. Sit down and rest a moment.

(Messenger hands the bundle and the letter to Raleigh.)

Messenger. The queen has sent you these tokens of regard.

Raleigh (opening and reading letter). This is indeed good news you bring me. I am to be knighted to-morrow. How proud my father and mother will be when they hear of my good fortune.

Messenger. I am glad for your sake. You are a brave man and deserve this honor.

Raleigh. The letter says that this bundle contains a cloak that I am to wear for the occasion, and to keep as a gift from the queen.

(Raleigh opens bundle and finds a cloak.)

Messenger (examining cloak). It is made of beautiful velvet.

Raleigh. I had never expected to possess so valuable a garment. It is almost too fine to wear.

Messenger. The queen is very generous.

Raleigh. She is, indeed. She gave me this to replace an old cape I laid in the mud, so that she could pass over without wetting her feet.

Messenger. I heard all about that. Every one at the court is talking of your knightly deed.

Raleigh. It was no more than any gentleman would have done for a lady.

(They go out together.)

SCENE V

A Room in Sir Walter's Castle in England

CHARACTERS

Raleigh

Adrian

John and William, Two Servants

John (entering on tiptoe, followed by William, both whispering audibly). I think master is asleep.

William. No, he is holding a book before his eyes. He is reading.

John. I smell smoke.

William (looking around). Yes, and I see it. Something is burning.

John. Master himself is smoking (*pointing to Raleigh*).

William (turning and seizing John's arm).

Do you suppose that he is on fire?

John. I do not know; but smoke is coming out of his mouth and nose.

William. Maybe he is bewitched.

John. What shall we do? I am afraid.

William. So am I; but we must put out the flames, or they may set fire to us.

John. How can we do it?

William (grabbing a pitcher of water). This way. (*He rushes toward Sir Walter and pours the water over him.*)

Raleigh (angrily jumping up). What does this mean? What are you about?

(The two servants are frightened, and try to hide behind each other.)

John (trembling). You were on fire, my lord.

Raleigh. Oh, you stupid fellows, I was smoking.

William. Of course you were. That is why I poured the water on you.

Raleigh. You do not understand. There is nothing on fire but the tobacco in my pipe. Look here! *(He shows them how to smoke.)*

John. Why do you do that, master?

Raleigh. You ask a question that is hard to answer. Smoking is a habit *(squeezing water out of his clothes).*

William. It is a very queer custom. I never saw anything like that before.

Raleigh. Everybody in America smokes, and it will not be long before Englishmen will do the same.

Adrian (entering and laughing). What does

all this mean? Did you go to sleep and set fire to your book?

Raleigh. No, these thick-headed servants of mine thought that because smoke came out of my mouth I was on fire.

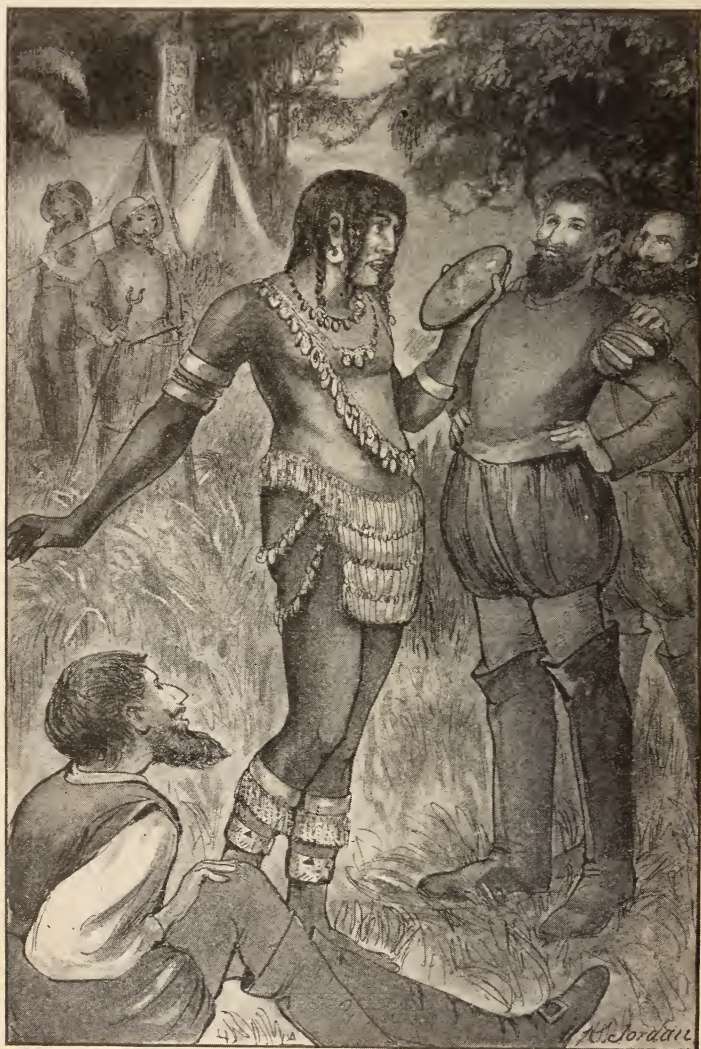
Adrian. They are good servants to look out so carefully for your safety. I hope you will forgive them.

John and William (to Adrian). Thank you, sir. We meant no harm.

Raleigh. Perhaps I may forgive them when I get some dry clothes on. I am as wet as if I had been shipwrecked. It is not always necessary to go out of one's own house to find excitement.

(All go out).





FERDINAND MAGELLAN

SCENE I

Court of Portugal

CHARACTERS

King of Portugal

Courtiers

A Messenger

Magellan

Messenger (entering). Ferdinand Magellan,
your Majesty.

King (to Messenger). Bring Magellan into
our presence. (*Magellan enters.*) You may
state your business, Magellan.

Magellan. Your Majesty, I have come to
ask a favor which I trust may be granted.

King. We hope that it is a reasonable re-

quest. We can promise nothing until we hear what it is.

Magellan. For many years I have served in the Portuguese navy; but I have never been promoted, and I am anxious for advancement.

King. That is impossible. For the present you must be content to stay where you are. We will make promotions in due time.

Magellan. I have waited for a long time, and I am very much dissatisfied.

King. You are too ambitious.

Magellan. If your Majesty refuses my request, I should like permission to serve some other sovereign. I am not content to stand still always.

King. Do as you wish. We shall not try to prevent you. Discontented subjects are worse than none.

Magellan. I should have been glad to fight for Portugal all my life; but if my services

are not valued, I shall no longer remain in this country. I shall transfer my allegiance to the king of Spain. Therefore I bid your Majesty adieu.

(Magellan offers to kiss the king's hand, according to the custom of the time, but the king withdraws his hand. Magellan, with a look of anger, leaves.)

King. We are glad to be rid of that troublesome fellow. Such men are only an annoyance. Our business is over for the day. Let us withdraw.

(All go out.)



SCENE II

*The Cabin of a Ship on the Rio de la Plata
River*

CHARACTERS

Magellan

Tomaso

Alphonso

Granado

Domingo

Manzaro

Alphonso (tasting water in a cup). This water grows less salty every day. In fact, it is almost fresh here.

Magellan. Then we must be sailing up a river and leaving the ocean farther behind us.

Domingo (shivering). Well, I am glad we shall have good drinking water; but it is getting cold. I am shivering.

Tomaso. Soon the water will freeze and we shall be ice-bound. Then we shall have neither warmth nor water.

Granado (sighing). I am sure we shall never

find the strait we are looking for. No doubt, this land stretches from pole to pole. (*He makes sweeping gestures from north to south.*)

Magellan. Cheer up, men. You are getting discouraged. Before long we shall reach the islands we are seeking (*The Moluccas*). Then our journey will be at an end.

Manzaro. What do we care for those islands? Our lives are worth more than the cargoes of spice we may find there; but now it looks as though we should lose both our lives and the spice. (*He sinks dejectedly on a bench.*)

Alphonso. That is true. Let us start for home before we are all frozen and starved. Everybody wants to go back.

Magellan. Where is your courage, men? We can anchor here until the winter is over, and then go on. You must be patient.

Domingo. How can we keep warm until spring? Tell me that, if you can.

Magellan. Not far up the stream is a sheltered bay with plenty of wood growing on the shores. We can build good fires and be very comfortable.

Tomaso. What is there to eat? We cannot live on fire.

Magellan. There are fish in the water and birds on land. They will supply us all with the meat we want.

Granado. A winter here is a cheerless prospect. I should hate to remain in such a desolate spot. (*Buttons his coat more tightly.*)

Magellan. Listen, my men. Would you go back to Spain, and say, "We came home because we were cold"? That would be disgraceful. Everybody would despise us.

Manzaro. That is true, comrades; every one would laugh at us if we went back after we had gone so far.

Magellan. I am surprised at your desire to return. You are Spaniards, and Spaniards

are brave. I myself would rather die than turn back.

Alphonso. Well, I can stand it, if the rest of you can.

Domingo. No doubt we shall be obliged to.

Tomaso. I hope the winter will not last long.

Granado. I wish that I had never come.

(All go out, sighing and grumbling.)

SCENE III

Patagonia — A Grove

CHARACTERS

Magellan

Granado

Tomaso

Manzaro

Domingo

Alphonso

Tomaso (leading Patagonian by the hand).

Let me introduce my friend.

(All crowd round. Patagonian smiles and makes signs. All do the same.)

Manzaro. Isn't he a giant? I should think a man of your size would be afraid of him. Where did you find him?

Tomaso. Over there in the woods. There are many more just like him. I have been making friends with him.

Alphonso. So it seems. What big feet he has!

Domingo. Let us call him "Patagonian." That means "big feet."

Magellan. A good idea. Then we might name the country round about here Patagonia, after this man and the other inhabitants.

Granado (giving the man a looking-glass). Here is a present for you. (*Aside.*) He does not understand a word I say, but that does not matter. Everybody likes presents.

(The Patagonian takes the present, smiles, nods, seems pleased. Then he looks at himself and is so amazed that he jumps back and knocks down three of the Spaniards. Two

other Patagonian giants come in. They also are given presents, and go out pleased.)

Magellan. They will all go and tell their friends, and we shall have no trouble with the natives of this country.

(All go out, laughing and talking.)

SCENE V

Cabin of a Ship — Straits of Magellan

CHARACTERS

Magellan

The Pilot

The Captain

Alphonso

The Mate

Sailors

Magellan. We have at last reached the strait that we have been trying to find. I am glad that we persevered until we met with success.

Captain. As we know no other name for it, let us call it the Straits of Magellan, in your honor.

Magellan. Very well, if you can think of nothing better.

Alphonso (to Pilot). You seem to be very sure about the character of this body of water. How do you know that it is a channel?

Pilot. If you doubt my judgment, we had better sail through. Then you will be convinced.

Mate. Why do we sail any farther? Let us go home and return with another fleet. I am tired of this voyage.

Alphonso. We have so little food that, if there should be a bad storm or a long calm to delay us, we should starve.

Magellan. Do you all agree that you would like to return? If so, we will start for Spain to-day.

Captain. Why should we go back, now that the way has become so easy? I say, let us go on.

Pilot. The islands (*The Moluccas*) must be close at hand. That is our real destination. It is foolish to turn around now.

A Sailor. Let us keep on. I can bear as much hardship as the rest of you.

Magellan. We will vote on this. All who wish to return to Spain, raise the right hand.

(Only Alphonso and the Mate raise their hands.)

Magellan. We will go on exactly as we have planned, and thus keep our promise to the king. May we have good luck!

(All shout "Hurrah, hurrah!" All go out.)

SCENE VI

Island of Cebu — The Philippines

CHARACTERS

The Pilot

Tomaso

Domingo

Granado

Alphonso

Alphonso. I am glad that we have at last found something good to eat. It seems ages since we had a good meal.

Captain. I have never seen such quantities of fruit going to waste. It is lying on the ground everywhere.

Tomaso. I have just found some figs a foot long. (*He holds up a banana.*)

Magellan. Those are not figs. They are bananas. (*All laugh.*)

Pilot. There are oranges and cocoanuts lying all over the ground. To-day I ate so many that I could not eat any more.

Magellan. The king of this island says that he will show us where to get all the spices we want if we will help him to gather his rice crop. He seems to need assistance.

Granado. How long will it take? We ought not to spend much time and strength on that kind of work.

Magellan. About two days, if we work steadily. It is not very difficult labor.

Domingo. That will be only play for us after the hardships that we have endured. We need some good outdoor exercise, anyway.

Alphonso. I have very little faith in the friendship of these heathen. They have no regard for the truth.

Magellan. But the king called me "Brother," and said that no one but Spaniards should ever trade on this island. If he keeps his word, we ought to be very glad.

Captain. I wish we could capture all these islands. They would be a valuable possession.

Pilot. Why not do so? It would require very little fighting. We are under no obligation of friendship to the natives.

Alphonso. Yes, we are strong enough to overcome the inhabitants with very little difficulty. The idea is worth considering.

Magellan. I am willing to make the attempt, if you wish. If we should succeed, it would be a satisfaction to take the good news back to the king.

(All go out, talking.)

SCENE VII

Cabin of a Ship — Near the Moluccas

CHARACTERS

Native Chief

Pilot

Captain

Others

(In native language)

Chief. How do you expect me to enter your ship when I cannot get through the low door of your cabin?

Captain. You will have to bow your head. The entrance was built for shorter men.

Chief (indignantly). I never bow to anything. Unless I can come among you with my head erect, I will stay out.

Pilot. Let him sit in a chair, and we will drag him through the door. (*Aside, presumably in Spanish.*) How particular these savages are!

(Chief sits in a chair and is drawn through the door.)

Captain. We should like to buy some spices from you, and take them back to Spain. That is our chief business here on your island; and that is why we asked you to confer with us.

Chief. If you can pay a good price, I think perhaps we can make a bargain. What kinds of spice do you want?

Captain. Principally cloves. I understand that large quantities grow here.

Chief. They grow abundantly on our island. I have no doubt that we can come to some agreement.

Captain. We started with plenty of money; but on our way we were robbed at some islands lying to the east.

Chief. Those are the robber islands (*Ladrones*). The people there are all thieves. It is unfortunate that you fell into their hands.

Captain. If we had not been robbed of so much, we could pay you more, but we will give you everything that we have left.

Chief. What can you offer for the cloves that you wish to take with you?

(They hand over ribbons, cloth, hatchets, knives, scissors, caps, and mirrors.)

Captain. That is all, I think.

Chief. It is not enough to pay for all the spice you can carry away in your ships.

Pilot. Then let us give him as many of our clothes as we can spare.

(They take off coats, caps, etc.)

Captain. We cannot offer you more, I fear.

Chief. Well, I think now we can afford to let you have all the spice you want, though it is really worth more than you are paying.

Captain. Show us where to find it, and we will follow you.

(All go out.)

SCENE VIII

Court of Spain

CHARACTERS

King

Captain

Pilot

Alphonso

Other

explorers

(All half-clad)



King. Welcome, brave men! We are glad to see you back, but we are deeply grieved to know that Magellan, your courageous leader, did not return with you.

Captain. Your Majesty, we cannot express our deep sorrow at this great loss to Spain and to us. He was killed by treacherous natives in a battle on one of the islands where we went for spice.

King. Tell us about your voyage. We are anxious to hear all the details of your perilous trip.

Captain. The *Victoria* is the only ship we brought home.

King. What has become of the others?

Captain. One was lost in Patagonia.

Pilot. Another was burned, and one was deserted.

Alphonso. One fell into the hands of the Portuguese.

Captain. Out of five, only one has returned; but it is loaded with a cargo of twenty-six tons of cloves.

King. That cargo can be sold for a large sum of money. We regret that the other ships are gone; but you have done well, and you shall be rewarded.

Captain. We traded away most of our clothing for cloves, your Majesty. That is why we look so disreputable.

King. You shall have clothes, food, and plenty of money. You are brave men, and we value your services.

Captain (bowing). We thank your gracious Majesty.

King. The nation will ever honor you and the noble Ferdinand Magellan who found a way to sail around the world. We will go into the banquet hall, hear further details of your voyage, and celebrate your safe return.

(All go out.)





HENRY HUDSON

SCENE I

Indian Encampment on the Hudson River

CHARACTERS

Chief

Brave Squaw Medicine Man

Other Indians Henry Hudson Sailors

Brave (pointing into the distance). What is that floating on the water?

Chief. It is a strange-looking thing, and it is coming nearer.

Squaw. It looks like a big wigwam.

Brave. No, it must be an enormous bird. See how it spreads its wings!

Squaw. If it is not a bird, it is a fish. Watch it skim on the surface of the water.

Medicine Man. It may be the Great Spirit.
He, too, has large white wings.

Chief. No doubt what you say is true. That
is the wigwam of the Great Spirit; and he
has come to visit his people. Let us pre-
pare to welcome him and his attendants.
See, they are landing in a small boat.

*(Indians form a semicircle. Henry Hudson,
clad in bright-colored clothing, and followed
by his sailors, enters boldly.)*

Henry Hudson. Good day, strangers.

(Indians all silently bow to the ground.)

Henry Hudson (to a sailor). Pour out a cup
of spirits to cheer our silent friends. They
do not understand our language.

*(Sailor pours out spirits from a small cask.
Indians watch in amazement, and walk
around the white men, examining their clothes.
Hudson takes cup and hands it to the chief.
He passes it to the next Indian. Each smells*

*it and makes a wry face, but no one tastes it.
It reaches the Medicine Man last.)*

Hudson (to sailors). This is a drink that will warm their hearts and make them feel lively.

Medicine Man. We ought to be ashamed to refuse the drink which the Great Spirit brings to us. He may be displeased and send some dreadful punishment upon us. Let us drink without fear.

(He drinks, gets drunk, and staggers about.)

Chief. This is indeed the Great Spirit. See how strangely the powerful liquid affects the one who drinks.

Medicine Man. Give me more "fire water," Great Spirit.

Squaw (taking Medicine Man by the arm).

Come away. You are ill.

Medicine Man. No, I'm not ill, but everything seems to be tipping the wrong way.

Chief (to Squaw). Take him to his wigwam.

Hudson (to sailors). If they will let him go to sleep, he will be all right by to-morrow.

Brave (to other Indians). We must not refuse anything this strange visitor may demand.

If we should displease him, he might kill us.

(Indians all bow heads to the ground.)

Chief. May the great Spirit be merciful to us !

Hudson (to sailors). Now is our chance to bring these Indians to our terms. *(Hudson motions for Indians to approach, and then speaks to sailors.)* I will try to get them to give us a piece of land. *(He turns to Chief and spreads out his hands over the ground, points to the Indians and then to his own men.)*

Chief (to Brave). I wonder how much he would like. *(Brave shakes his head.)*

Hudson (to sailors). I will ask for as much as this bullock's hide will inclose.

Sailor (laughing). He is going to play that old trick on the savages.

(Hudson shows Indians the skin and spreads it on the ground.)

Brave (to Chief). That is a very small amount.

What could any one do with so little?

Chief. Hush! The Great Spirit can do anything. *(He nods cheerfully to Hudson, and motions in different directions on the ground.)*

He is welcome to choose the land from any place where it best suits him.

Hudson (nodding gratefully and speaking to sailors). We will prepare the hide to make the measurements. *(He cuts the skin into a long, fine string.)*

Brave (to Chief). That will surround a bigger piece of land than it would before he cut it.

Chief. No ordinary being could show such wisdom and skill.

(The Indians stand back and look on with expressions of wonder.)

Hudson (to his men). Now we will measure the land.

(They measure, while the Indians excitedly watch the proceedings.)

(Unfurling the Dutch flag). In the name of Holland I take possession of this land.

Chief. I wonder where they came from, and in what country they dwell. *(He points questioningly into the distance.)*

Hudson (to his men). If we follow this river, perhaps we shall find a northwest passage to India. We will sail as far as we can go; then if we do not discover an outlet, we can return.

Chief (to Indians). I wonder where they are going when they leave us. Perhaps we could induce them to stay here always.

Squaw (entering). The Medicine Man is asleep and snoring loudly. *(She imitates snoring and points toward sleeping Medicine Man.)*

Hudson (laughing). It is lucky for these men that they are not all intoxicated. I have

never before heard of such temperate Indians.

Chief. I hope they will forgive us for refusing the drink they offered.

Hudson. I trust that they will keep our land safe and not give it to any one else until we see them again.

Chief. These men of the sky are very kind to visit us poor earth dwellers. That great winged thing that brought them here seems half bird and half fish. (*He points toward the ship.*)

Sailor. I wonder what they are saying about our ship, the *Half Moon*.

Hudson. Perhaps they want us to go. Well, we must start now, anyway. (*He nods and shakes hands with the Indians, and they all go out.*)

SCENE II

Cabin of a Ship — (What is now Hudson Bay)

CHARACTERS

Henry Hudson

John Hudson, his son Green

Pilot Ship's Carpenter

The Captain

Green. The men wish me to say that they refuse to sail any farther.

Henry Hudson. Why is this? It may be only a few days until we find the short route to India.

Green. India is a warm country. It must be a long distance from this ice and snow.

Pilot. We are freezing and starving, and if you will not turn back to England, we shall go without you.

Henry Hudson. I cannot return, after we have come so far.

Green. The men have decided what they

will do, sir. Nothing can make them change their purpose.

Captain (who has entered and heard part of the conversation). We will give you a life-boat and leave you here.

John Hudson. You would not desert us like that?

Captain. You can take your choice. Go with us or stay here.

Pilot. Let us leave him. We are better off without him. He has brought us nothing but bad luck.

Henry Hudson. Will anybody agree to remain with us?

Carpenter. I will not leave you; but we may freeze to death here in an open boat among the icebergs.

Green. Our provisions are very low, and we have a long voyage before us. We are taking as great a risk as you are. All the men who are too ill to work we shall leave with you.

Captain. We have decided to start to-day.

Here is a gun with some powder and shot.

(*He hands him the gun.*) You ought to be able to shoot wild ducks along the ice floes.

Green. And here is some meal with an iron pot to cook it in. Truly we cannot spare an ounce of food; but we will give you as much as we can.

Hudson. I think it is cowardly to abandon the expedition at this point.

Captain. I am sorry that you feel so; but we are tired of suffering so many hardships. Good-by. In a few moments we shall weigh anchor.

Hudson (*starting to go out of the cabin, accompanied by his son, John, and the Carpenter*). Come. We may never see home again; but we have accomplished something on our voyages.

Carpenter. Yes, brave master, you have navigated the big river (*Hudson River*) and taken possession of the land at the mouth

of it. So much have you done for Holland. For our beloved England you have explored Iceland and Greenland, and all this wonderful northern country where we are now.

Hudson. We may fail to find a short route to India, but we shall die in a good cause.

Carpenter. Be of good cheer. England has never known a braver explorer, and as such your name will be handed down to posterity.

(All go out.)





JOHN SMITH

SCENE I

Shipboard, near the Coast of England

CHARACTERS

<i>John Smith</i>	<i>William</i>
<i>Henry</i>	<i>George</i>
<i>Martin</i>	<i>Sailors</i>

(John Smith is studying a chart. The sailors are mending ropes.)

William. For six long weeks the wind has blown a gale straight toward the land, and the shores of England seem to grow plainer rather than dimmer.

Henry. Yes, I am tired of this voyage. We are wasting our time. There is nothing

to be gained by cruising round in one spot forever.

George. We are making no progress, and at this rate we never shall.

Martin (throwing down his cap). Then let us turn back.

William. We may as well, unless we lose sight of land soon. Every morning we can see the same line of shore on the horizon, and —

Smith (looking through a spyglass). The weather will change to-night. Then the ship will fly along like a bird before a hurricane.

Henry (laughing). He says that every day. It is merely a habit, and means nothing.

Smith. I shall not need to repeat it this time. Every indication shows that the wind will change before dawn.

George. What shall we do to pass away the time? There is no amusement that we have not tried. O dear! (*Yawning.*) Every day seems a week long.

William (*pointing to a box*). Let us open that box. It is the only thing on board that we have not examined.

Smith. King James forbade us to look into it until we reach America. To disregard his orders would be a serious offense. (*Smith goes out.*)

Henry. It contains the names of those who are to govern the colony. If we knew who they are, we should at least have something to talk about.

William. Some one told me that John Smith is going to murder all those whose names appear on the list with his, and make himself sole governor.

Martin. Perhaps he will kill some of us, too; but that would be better than dying of weariness. (*All yawn.*)

Henry. Smith is a queer man. No one seems to know much about his past.

George. Where did he live before he came to England?

William. It is said that he was a soldier in France, where he rose to be captain. Then the Turks took him prisoner and put a heavy iron ring around his neck, but he escaped. He has had many strange adventures for a man only twenty-eight years of age.

Henry. I believe that he is a dangerous person, and I am not alone in my opinion.

Martin. That is true. Everybody is suspicious of him. I really think that something ought to be done.

George. Then let us ask the captain to lock him up until we reach land. We shall feel safer.

Williams. Let us do so at once. If you will all come with me, I will try to convince the captain that this should be done.

(They all go out.)

SCENE II

Virginia

CHARACTERS

Same as in Scene I

William. What a beautiful country this is!
It is much better than I expected. (*He points to the surroundings.*)

Henry. The air is so warm and the sky is so blue that it seems like paradise, after the perils of the ocean.

George. How large the trees are! Those big oaks must have been growing for a great many years.

Martin. Look at the green hills and the broad meadows! All this certainly repays us for the hardships and dangers of the voyage.

George (picking strawberries). See the big strawberries I have found! There are thousands of them here.

Henry (*examining and tasting them*). They are as large as those in England and as sweet as honey.

Martin. This afternoon I found some fine oysters on the shore. They were delicious, and in one of them I spied this beautiful pearl. (*He shows pearl.*)

Henry. You can have that set in a ring to send home to your wife. It must be valuable. It is so large and white.

(*William nods assent.*)

William. I think we shall have plenty of good things to eat in this new land. All kinds of food seem to grow here in abundance.

Martin. Indeed, I hope so. I am nearly starved after our long voyage and unsavory ship food.

(*Enter John Smith, with a box in his hand.*)

Smith. It is now time to open the sealed box, and to find out who are to be the governors of the colony.

William (aside). We all know who is anxious to rule over us. I do not wonder that he is in a hurry to open the box.

Henry. It is not hard to guess who has been chosen first by the king. That was all arranged before we left England.

(They give each other knowing looks.)

George. Perhaps there will be less dissatisfaction when the decision is announced.

Smith (opening the box). Silence, my men!

(He takes out a paper.) Here is the list.

I am appointed one of your seven governors.

(They sneer and assume expressions of disgust.)

George. Well, what do you want us to do?

Bow down to you as if you were a king?

Smith. No, I demand nothing unreasonable; but we must all work hard to establish a colony, to show our appreciation of King James's kindness to us.

Henry. But we are gentlemen. We do not know how to work. Gentlemen in England

never work. We have never been taught anything so degrading.

Smith. Then you must learn.

Martin. Learn to work! Ha, ha! That is a good joke.

(They all laugh in derision.)

William. The man must be crazy.

(They all go out, laughing, followed by Smith, who is scowling and reading the list again.)

SCENE III

The Forest

CHARACTERS

John Smith

Two Indian Braves

Two Squaws

(Enter Smith, followed by Indians.)

First Brave. What shall we do with him?

First Squaw *(sharpening her knife on her moccasin).* Torture him! Torture him!

Second Brave. No, make him help us fight the white men. Then we may have some more prisoners to torture.

Smith (aside). I will surprise them with something they have never seen before.

(He shows the Indians his compass. They crowd around. He turns the needle. All watch the point return to the north. They exchange looks of surprise, grunt, and point toward the north.)

Second Brave (to First Brave). I should like to try it. *(He takes the compass, but drops it in fright.)*

Second Squaw (shuddering). Wonderful! It has magic power.

First Brave (reaching for his tomahawk). The man is bewitched. Let us kill him! He will do us harm.

Second Brave. No, let us take him to Powhatan, our chief. If we try to kill him, we may fall dead ourselves.

First Squaw. Let us hurry. I feel queer already. (*She shrugs her shoulders.*)

First Brave. Powhatan will soon kill him.

Smith (aside). I shall show no fear either of them or of their chief.

(*They bind his hands and lead him away.*)

SCENE IV

A Wigwam

CHARACTERS

John Smith

Powhatan

Pocahontas

Other Indians

(*Indians speak in their own language, which Smith does not understand.*)

Powhatan. Who is this paleface that you have brought to me?

First Brave. I believe he is the chief of the white men, and I know he is bewitched.

Powhatan. Where did you find him?

Second Brave. In the forest. We would have killed him then and there, but we were afraid.

First Brave. When you do kill him, let me strike the first blow. (*He feels the edge of his tomahawk.*) My tomahawk is just sharpened, and I should like to try it.

Powhatan. Be quiet! Give him a chance to speak. He cannot harm you so long as I am here to protect you.

(*Smith shows the compass to Powhatan, who looks startled. Smith then, by pantomime, indicates that he wishes to buy corn, by taking a few grains of corn from his pocket, showing a bag and then offering some beads to the chief.*)

Powhatan (*shaking his head and speaking to Indians*). We have no corn to sell to pale-faces.

(*Smith looks angry and tries to free himself.*)

Powhatan (*to Braves*). Ha, ha! He cannot

get away from us so easily. We will teach our enemies a lesson.

(Smith, by pantomime, indicates that, if his friends hear of this, they will shoot the Indians. He motions towards the English settlement, points a finger at the Indians, and imitates the pulling of a trigger.)

First Brave. The white man is getting excited. *Powhatan (to Braves).* On one condition will we allow him to live. He must join our tribe, marry a squaw, and show us how to attack the fort of the white men.

(Powhatan points to Smith, then to the tribe; he motions to a squaw to step forward, and points to her. He then brandishes a war club in the direction of the English settlement. Smith shakes his head stubbornly.)

Powhatan (to Braves). Then he must die. Get ready to kill him.

(Indians exhibit scalping knives, tomahawks, and war clubs.)

First and Second Braves. We will bind him.

(They fetch ropes and bind his feet.)

Powhatan (to First Brave). Place his head upon that flat stone.

First Brave. Everything is ready.

(They place John Smith's head upon the stone and raise the clubs to strike.)

Powhatan. Now strike to kill. We will not waste time torturing him. He is not worth the trouble.

Pocahontas (rushing in and throwing herself beside Smith). He is a brave man. Save him! I cannot bear to see him die.

Powhatan. My child, this is no place for you. Go away.

Pocahontas. If you kill him, you will have to kill me. Spare him, I beg you.

Powhatan. Pocahontas, you have saved his life. *(Aside).* I cannot refuse the child anything.

Pocahontas (standing up). I thank you,

Father. I knew that you would be merciful.

First Brave (to Powhatan). What will you do with him? It is not safe to set him free.
(*Aside.*) I wish Pocahontas would keep out of such affairs.

Powhatan. Untie the cords that bind him. He shall make hatchets for me, and bells and beads for my daughter.

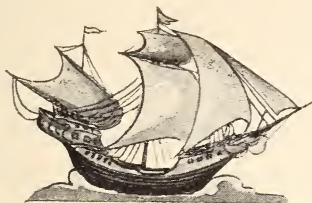
(*They unbind Smith.*)

Smith (aside). Heaven bless the child! How can I thank her for saving my life?
(*He kisses her hand.*)

Powhatan. Come, all of you. Bring the prisoner, little daughter, and we will have a feast.

(*They all go out, Pocahontas leading John Smith by the hand.*)





LA SALLE

SCENE I

Court of Louis XIV of France

CHARACTERS

Louis

La Salle

Tonty

Pages, ladies and gentlemen of the court

Louis. It is a great satisfaction to us to know that you have been successful in your explorations in the New World. I understand that you established a good settlement at Lachine.

La Salle. Yes, we cleared away the woods and built a stockade and houses. It is

a good trading station for furs, but very badly exposed to the attacks of the Iroquois Indians.

Louis. Why did you give it such a name? I believe that the word "Lachine" means China.

La Salle. The name was a joke, your Majesty. I have always been so anxious to find a route to China, that even my men called me Lachine sometimes.

Louis. Tell us something of Fort Frontenac. I understand that you have that settlement well established, also.

La Salle. We have, indeed. We built a large stone fort with rows of barracks for soldiers, officers' quarters, and a guard-house.

Louis. Is it well fortified?

La Salle. We have nine small cannon to protect us from attack.

Louis. I suppose that a good many people live near the fort for protection.

La Salle. Yes. Near by is a thriving village of French families. They have cleared the land and tilled the soil, and they even keep cattle, fowl, and swine.

Courtier. Tonty is here, your Majesty.

Louis. Usher him into our presence. (*Tonty enters.*) Welcome to the court, brave Tonty. (*Tonty bows low.*) I wish to introduce you to Robert Chevalier de la Salle of whom you have already heard so often. (*The two men bow.*)

Tonty. To meet so distinguished a gentleman is an unexpected honor and a great pleasure.

Louis. You two have traveled so much that you will have many interests in common.

Tonty. But our purposes have been different. In Sicily I fought for Italy, my native land. (*To La Salle.*) You, I believe, have made exploration your aim.

La Salle. Yes, and I am anxious to explore still further.

Tonty. I myself would enjoy that kind of work.

Louis. I think that together you could accomplish good results. (*To Tonty.*) Why not go with him on his next trip? (*To La Salle.*) What voyage do you wish to make next, La Salle?

La Salle. I should like to explore the lakes and rivers to the west, build forts, and carry on trade in beaver and buffalo skins.

Tonty. That would be an interesting adventure.

La Salle. It takes strong men to undertake such perilous work, but I believe you could do it well.

Louis (laughing). Tonty is all sound but one hand, I believe.

La Salle. I do not understand. He seems to have both hands.

Tonty (holding up a gloved hand). I am glad that you did not observe my misfortune. I was wounded in Sicily. This hand is

made of copper. I always wear a glove to cover it.

La Salle. Indeed, I had not noticed it. Your loss would be an advantage among the Indians. They would look upon a man with a copper hand as a god.

Louis (laughing). At any rate, it might serve well as a weapon.

La Salle. I should be glad to have your company, Tonty, if you care to go.

Louis. We will consider that arrangement settled, and we shall be glad to assist you both as much as lies in our power.

La Salle. We thank you, for your confidence in us.

Tonty. I thank your Majesty and you, La Salle.

Louis. We will plan the details of the expedition to-morrow.

(All go out, led by the King.)

SCENE II

A Landing near St. Ignace

CHARACTERS

Huron and Ottawa Indians

La Salle

A Friar

Tonty

(Indians speak their own language. White men talk French, except when speaking to Indians.)

Huron Chief (pointing toward the water).

What is that strange winged object floating on the water?

Ottawa Chief (looking in same direction). I think it is a large boat.

Huron Chief. Perhaps it brings enemies to our shore.

Ottawa Chief. It carries the white flag of France. It cannot be very unfriendly.

Huron Chief. See the monster carved on its prow, with letters painted at the side.

Ottawa Chief. I can spell the name. A white trader once taught me to read a little of the white man's language.

Huron Chief. What is the name of the boat?

Ottawa Chief (spelling). G-R-I-F-F-I-N.

Huron Chief. What does that mean?

Ottawa Chief. I do not know.

Huron Chief (teasingly). I thought you said you knew the paleface language.

(Ottawa chief haughtily turns his back.)

(Pointing). See, the men are getting ready to land.

(Both look. Indians enter and point excitedly in the direction of the water, while they talk confusedly to one another. One of the five cannon on board is fired. The Indians yell with fear.)

Ottawa Chief. I hope they do not mean to attack us.

Brave (brandishing tomahawk). If they do, we are ready for them.

(Enter La Salle, Tonty, Father Hennepin with a square object strapped to his back, and a Friar. Indians huddle in the background.)

La Salle. Here is the chapel of the Jesuits. We are among friends.

(A Jesuit friar steps forward.)

Friar. I offer you welcome, men of France.

La Salle. We thank you, Father.

(Friar shakes hands with the Frenchmen.)

Friar. You have come hither in a fine boat.

Tonty. Yes, but we built it with great difficulty, and we have had a hard voyage.

Friar. Did you bring the boat far?

Tonty. We built it near Niagara Falls, much against the will of the Senecas, who would not even sell us corn. If it had not been for the Mohegans, we should have starved to death.

Hennepin. Last winter La Salle and his dog

went on foot for supplies all the way to Fort Frontenac, two hundred and fifty miles.

La Salle. But during all our hard tramping Father Hennepin never left this altar behind. (*La Salle touches the portable altar strapped to Father Hennepin's back.*) He always carried it so that he might make a church of the wilderness, if he saw an opportunity to do missionary work among the savages.

Friar. That is the right spirit. Now let us all go into the chapel and thank God for your safe voyage.

(*Hennepin takes the altar off his back and sets it on the ground. All go out except the Indians.*)

Ottawa Chief. I do not like this floating fort of the pale faces.

Huron Chief. It could destroy us all, if those big guns were fired at us.

Brave. We will watch these men night and day.

(White men return.)

Friar. Tell us more of your voyage. It is of the greatest interest to us.

La Salle. Well, we encountered a bad storm on Lake Huron; but, as you see, we escaped.

(Four men stealthily cross the stage.)

Tonty. Excuse me for interrupting the conversation, but I should like to inquire who those four men are that just entered.

Friar. They are fur traders that came here a short time ago.

Tonty. They are the men that we sent ahead of us. Are they trading for themselves?

Friar. Yes, and they are succeeding very well in their business.

La Salle. They are deserters from our party. They should be arrested, and their plunder should be taken from them.

Friar. That is shocking. I hope you will

punish them. We do not wish to harbor deserters.

Tonty (motioning to one of the party). Come with me, and we will arrest them at once.

Friar. There are, I believe, two others at the Falls of St. Mary.

Tonty. Probably they are deserters, too. Several of our men have left us. I will go to-morrow and arrest them, also.

(Tonty and his man go out.)

La Salle. Tonty is a brave and faithful companion. I do not know what I should do without him.

Friar. He seems to be very reliable. I suppose that you have planned further explorations.

La Salle. We hope to establish a chain of forts from the Niagara to the Mississippi. When these become the centers of French settlements, we shall have done valuable service to France.

Friar. That is a gigantic undertaking. I

hope that you may succeed. It is now about noon. Let us go and have something to eat. Then we can discuss this matter further.

La Salle. We appreciate your kindness and hospitality.

(They all go out, Indians following and grumbling among themselves.)

SCENE III

A Landing near the Southern End of Lake Michigan

CHARACTERS

Five Indians

La Salle *Father Hennepin*

A Friar *Other white men*

(All conversation with Indians is in their language.)

(Hennepin is chopping down a tree.)

La Salle. That is a fine grapevine growing around that tree.

Friar. Yes, we shall get some good grapes when the tree is felled.

La Salle. They will go finely with our dinner of bear meat and venison.

Hennepin. Look out, friends, the tree is going to fall! (*Tree is supposed to fall. They dodge out of the way.*) Now you men may pick the grapes from the vine.

(*Men pick grapes and put them in a basket.*)

La Salle. I shall be glad when we reach the place where Tonty is to meet us. I miss him more every day.

Hennepin (*sticking his ax in a block*). He will teach those deserters a good lesson. He always seems to know just what to do in an emergency.

La Salle. I wish the *Griffin* would come back, but I fear we shall never see her again.

Hennepin. She may have been destroyed by the traders whom you sent back with her to Niagara.

La Salle. Or else she may have been lost in a storm.

Trader (entering). I think that I have found the Indian whose footprints we discovered last night.

La Salle. Where?

Trader. Strange sounds come from behind that bank. (*Pointing.*)

La Salle (approaching bank). Who is there, friend or foe?

(*Five Indians brandishing war clubs appear from behind bank.*)

La Salle. Drop your war clubs, red men. We are not your enemies.

(*They drop clubs.*)

Brave. We thought you were Iroquois, not Frenchmen.

Hennepin. Is that why you hid behind the bank?

(*During this conversation an Indian steals a bright-colored coat, hurriedly cuts it into small*

pieces, and distributes them among the other Indians.)

Brave. Yes, we are never sure who are friendly or unfriendly — so many tribes are our enemies.

Friar (touching La Salle's sleeve). See what those Indians are doing!

La Salle (threateningly). How dare you? That coat belongs to my friend Tonty, and you will have to pay for it.

Brave. We shall do nothing of the kind; and if you are anxious to fight, we are ready for you.

(Indians group together, brandish war clubs, and mutter threateningly. La Salle and the other white men seize their guns.)

La Salle. It will go hard with you if you try to fight with us.

Brave (in a frightened tone, to the other Indians). See, they have fire sticks. They are going to shoot us. Let us pay for the coat.

(Indians seem frightened, and nod assent.)

Brave. How much do you want us to pay you for the coat?

La Salle. What have you to offer?

Brave (*picking up bundle*). These beaver skins are all we have.

La Salle. Well, they will do. We do not wish to be unreasonable in our demands.

(*Brave hands skins to La Salle.*)

Brave. I hope you are not angry with us.

La Salle. Not at all. Come and eat dinner with us.

(*They all go out, Hennepin carrying the basket of grapes picked by the men.*)

SCENE IV

Illinois Indian Village on the Illinois River

CHARACTERS

Indians, including Monso; Tonty, and white men

(Indian language is used in speaking with Indians.)

(Indians are preparing a meal. The white men enter suddenly. Indians run about in great confusion. Chief tries to calm their fears and approaches La Salle with a calumet. La Salle shows the calumet which his party carries. All assume a friendly attitude and smile and nod pleasantly.)

Chief. Palefaces, you are welcome; but why did you come this way?

La Salle. We have come to help you against your enemies, the Iroquois; and we want to build a fort near you for supplies.

Chief. We are glad to have you with us. When you came, we were preparing to eat. Sit down and feast with us.

(Indians put food into the mouths of the white men.)

Chief. At dawn we expect to go hunting.

Now, since we are through eating, let us go to sleep.

(All wrap up in blankets and lie down. Monso enters stealthily and wakes up the Indians. They sneak into a corner and hold council.)

Monso. Do not trust La Salle. He is deceiving you.

Brave. How?

Monso. He is going to persuade other tribes to war against you.

Chief. We are glad to know that. We will try to keep the white men from going any farther on their journey.

(A white man stirs in his sleep. Morning is supposed to dawn.)

Brave. Go, Monso! We must not let La Salle know that you have been here. Let us go back to our places and lie down.

(Monso sneaks out. Indians creep back to their places. La Salle and Tonty wake up

and withdraw to one side, followed by a friendly Indian, who whispers to them. They nod thoughtfully and whisper to each other.)

La Salle (to the Indian, in an audible whisper.)

I am glad that you told us about Monso and that midnight council. What he said is not true.

Indian. I knew that it was not. That is why I let you know about it; but do not tell the others that I told you. -

La Salle. No indeed. We will keep your secret.

(Other Indians wake up, and all rise and busy themselves getting breakfast.)

Chief (to La Salle and Tonty). I want to warn you against going farther down the big river. It is full of monsters and whirlpools, and the tribes are all hostile.

La Salle. The greater the danger, the more glory in making the journey.

Chief. You will regret it if you go.

La Salle. You think we are not your friends.
That is the trouble.

Chief. I did not say so.

La Salle. We know all about what Monso told you. Think not that the Frenchmen are asleep when they seem to be.

Tonty. If what Monso said is true, he would not have sneaked away in the dark.

Hennepin. If we had been your enemies, we would have killed you when we first came and found you frightened.

La Salle. If you are still suspicious of us, speak frankly and let us know.

(Indians consult together, nod and shake their heads reassuringly.)

Chief. We believe what you say, and are willing to take your word instead of Monso's.

Squaw (entering). Breakfast is ready.

(They all go out.)

SCENE V

*Indian Settlement on the North Bank of the
Illinois River*

CHARACTERS

Tonty

Other white men

Indians

(Indian language is used.)

(All are busy at various kinds of work.)

*Indian Scout (entering). The Iroquois are
coming.*

(Great excitement ensues. All seize weapons.)

Chief. How many are there?

Scout. At least five hundred.

*Chief. They outnumber us. Most of our
young braves are away hunting.*

*Brave. Why should the Iroquois attack us
at this time? This man (pointing to Tonty)
must be their secret friend.*

Squaw. Kill him! Kill the paleface!

(Indians angrily surround him. He raises his copper hand and makes a quieting gesture.)

Tonty. Listen, my brothers. We will help you to fight the Iroquois. This magic hand of mine will bring victory.

Chief. Listen to the medicine man of the palefaces. He will lead us to victory.

Brave. We do not trust him.

Chief. We cannot fight the Iroquois alone. We can do no better than let the Frenchmen help us.

(Indians grumbly acquiesce.)

Scout No. 2 (entering). The Iroquois are almost here.

Tonty. I hear their yells. Be ready, men, for the attack.

(Iroquois rush in and take a stand together. Illinois and Frenchmen group themselves a short distance away. They shoot arrows and guns at one another.)

Tonty (to Chief). We can never defeat them. They outnumber us. Give me a wampum belt as a sign of truce, and I will try to persuade them to stop fighting.

(Chief gives Tonty belt, and he rushes among the savages. One, seizes his hair, to scalp him. Another stabs him in the breast. He frees himself and staggers against a tree.)

Iroquois Brave. That man belongs to the tribe of the Illinois. Burn him at the stake.
Chief. No, his ears are not pierced. He is a Frenchman.

Tonty (aside). It is fortunate that they do not know I am an Italian.

Chief. Let him alone. Permit him to speak.
(They all lower their weapons and listen to him.)

Tonty. Listen, red men, you must not attack the Illinois. They are friends of the great white chief to the east, and he will punish you.

Chief. But they are no friends of ours.

Tonty. They are stronger than you, and they will kill you all. Take my advice and stop fighting.

Brave. What he says may be true.

Tonty. You will soon find out that it is only too true.

Chief. Well, we will do as you say, and stop fighting for the present. Here is a wampum belt as a token of peace. Take it back to your friends.

(Tonty staggers out, holding his hand where he was wounded in the chest. The red men, talking among themselves, go out in the opposite direction.)

SCENE VI

St. Ignace

CHARACTERS

La Salle

Tonty

Father Membré

Traders

(They speak the French language.)

(La Salle and Tonty enter arm in arm, followed by traders.)

La Salle (slapping Tonty on the shoulder).

Tonty, I cannot tell you how glad I am to see you. If I had known you were safe, I might have sailed down the big river; but I could not persuade myself to go without you.

Tonty. How did you find out that I was alive?

La Salle. From the Indians. I hunted for you the entire length of the Illinois River. Then I stripped some bark from a tree and hung up a board on which I had drawn pictures of myself and our party, so that you might see it and follow us if you passed that way.

Tonty. I was so often delayed by the Indians that I could not come to you any sooner.

La Salle. Let us sit down here and talk of our plans.

(Both sit down; others group themselves about and listen.)

La Salle. First we must explore the great river to its mouth, make settlements along its bank, and by this route ship furs to France.

Membré. Any one else would lack courage for such an expedition; but La Salle has no equal for determination.

La Salle. Nor Tonty for enthusiasm. *(To Tonty).* You look thin, my friend.

Tonty. That is no wonder. We had very little to eat for over a month. Once we lay down by our camp fire to die of starvation, but the Ottawa Indians saw the smoke and brought us food.

La Salle. Your clothes are all worn out *(feeling Tonty's sleeve)*. By the way, that red coat you left with me was stolen by the Indians. They admired its color.

Tonty. We all need some new garments.

At one time we had to cut up Father Membré's cloak to make moccasins.

La Salle. Luckily we have clothes for everybody, and plenty to eat.

Tonty. That is good. Now that we are all together again do you think that we had better start south at once?

La Salle. As soon as we collect boatloads of supplies. I hope that we have already experienced the worst part of the trip; but we must be prepared for anything.

Tonty. Do you still intend to form a confederacy of the western tribes against the Iroquois?

La Salle. Yes, I have begun that already. It is the only way to control the fur trade for France.

Tonty. To do this, we should hold councils with all the chiefs.

La Salle. That is what I am planning. Indians will do anything for tobacco and a few other presents.

Tonty (laughing). Yes, I found that out during my travels.

La Salle. This has been an eventful day. We are all tired and need sleep. Tomorrow we can resume the accounts of our adventures and finish making our plans.

(Rising). It is now late. Let us go to bed.

Tonty (yawning). I am more than willing.

(All go out, yawning.)

SCENE VII

Court of Louis XIV

CHARACTERS

Louis

La Salle

Courtiers

Louis. We have been very much interested in this story of yours, La Salle. You have shown great persistency and courage, and have accomplished what has never been

done before. When did you say that you reached the mouth of the Mississippi?

La Salle. In April. The river divides into three streams, by which it empties into the Gulf. Tonty sailed through one, some of our party through another, and I explored the third. We met and claimed for France all the territory along the big river far eastward and westward.

Louis. What did you call it?

La Salle. We called it Louisiana, in honor of your Majesty. We set up a post and fixed to it a metal plate bearing the arms of France, your name, and the date.

Louis. You have done us honor. What further plans have you made?

La Salle. Tonty and I have both come to the conclusion that an easy route to Canada may be made through the Gulf and up the big river.

Louis (meditatively). Let us see. Spain owns the Gulf. France is at war with Spain.

(He hesitates and thinks.) Here is an excellent opportunity to drive the Spaniards from that part of the New World. How many ships do you need?

La Salle. About three, your Majesty.

Louis. I will give you four, besides one hundred soldiers and all the supplies you require.

La Salle. Then I will set sail as soon as everything is in readiness. Tonty is waiting for me now at Fort St. Louis. Together, I believe that we can succeed in driving out all the Spaniards from the mouth of the river.

Louis. I have the utmost confidence in you both. Let us withdraw and make further plans for the expedition.

(All go out, following Louis.)

LEWIS AND CLARK

SCENE I

A Room in a House in St. Louis

CHARACTERS

<i>Meriwether Lewis</i>	<i>Sam (a negro)</i>
<i>William Clark</i>	<i>Two Soldiers</i>
<i>Rogers</i>	<i>Other explorers</i>

(Lewis and Clark are seated at opposite sides of a table. Sam is mending a hole in a coat. The others are smoking or sitting idle.)

Time — May

Lewis. To-morrow, if all is well, we shall continue our journey.

Clark. I am glad we are going so soon. It is time to explore the land between the



Mississippi and the Pacific and to put it to use.

Lewis (*spreading out a map on the table*). If we follow the Missouri to its source, I think we can find the Columbia, and that flows into the Pacific.

Clark. No one knows where the sources of those rivers are. It will be interesting to search for them.

Lewis. I have no doubt that we shall discover more than one important fact. I wonder how the Indians will like to see a new flag waving over them.

Clark. Probably we shall find out when we call at the different settlements and tell the Indians that they must obey the Great Father at Washington now, instead of the French king.

(Enter Rogers, dragging a box.)

Lewis. Well, Rogers, what have you there? That box seems heavy. Do you need help?

Rogers (*smiling*). No, thank you. I can

manage it. These are presents for the Indians.

Clark. Let us see them before you nail on the cover.

(Rogers takes out beads, knives, mirrors, brightly colored coats, and other garments.)

First Soldier (laughing). Those ought to buy the friendship of a good many Indians.

Rogers. Yes, all there are between the Mississippi and the Pacific.

Clark. Such trifles are but a small price to pay.

Lewis. The long journey will be price enough.

No doubt, we shall all agree to that before we get back.

Second Soldier. No matter what is ahead of us, I shall be glad to get out of this place. I have had an interesting time trading furs for horses with the Frenchmen.

First Soldier. The horses are all on the big boat. It was almost impossible to get that big roan over the gangplank.

Lewis (anxiously). I wish those boats were not so heavily loaded. We cannot tell how many rapids and falls we may find.

Clark. There is nothing that we can leave behind. We must run the risk, and discard, later, what may be in the way.

First Soldier. Perhaps we might leave Sam here with the Frenchmen. (*He points to the negro.*)

Sam. No, sah. I'se gwine to see de start of de Mississippi. I ain't gwine leave you to fight dem Injuns alone.

(*All laugh.*)

Lewis. Well, I hope there will not be much fighting. Remember, men, we are not out for war, but for the exploration of a new country. With forty-two men in our party, however, we ought to be able to explore and fight, too, if necessary.

Clark. If we expect to start with the sun in the morning, we must all turn in for a good night's sleep.

(*All rise, say good night, and leave the room.*)

SCENE II

*Camp Fire in the Woods near the Mouth of
the Platte River*

CHARACTERS

Lewis

Parker

Clark

Miller

Rogers

Other members of the party

Lewis (poking the fire). Well, friends, we have made some progress, though perhaps we have not gone ahead as quickly as we had hoped.

Parker (tracing a map in the firelight). I am glad of the delay, for I have succeeded in making some very good maps of the places we have found. There seems to be no end to the wonders of this country. I should not be surprised at anything now.

Miller (picking up a sketch). What is this picture?

Parker. A sketch I made of a waterfall I

found a while ago. It is so high that the water falls halfway, breaks into mist, and gathers again into a second fall that seems to come from a cloud.

Rogers. I hope we shall not have to tow the boat against any more rapids, or drag it around any more waterfalls.

Parker. If I had my choice, I would rather fight Indians than meet wild animals.

Lewis. To-day when I was by myself, I met a grizzly bear, a wolverine, and three buffaloes.

Clark. Yesterday I drove away two buffaloes that were as tame as cows. Then I spied a big wood rat, unlike anything I have ever seen before.

Rogers. When I woke up that night I slept under the old oak tree, I found a long rattlesnake for a neighbor.

Parker. What did you do with him?

Rogers. I killed him, wrote a letter warning those who were to come after me, and nailed the letter to the tree.

Miller. Yes, and when we got there, some beavers had gnawed the tree down and used it for a dam.

Lewis. They must have been very hungry beavers to eat the post-office for breakfast.
(*All laugh.*)

Clark. Well, I am glad we are all together again.

Lewis. Yes, and this seems to be a safe place to spend the night.

Parker (*yawning*). I am tired enough to go to sleep.

Rogers. So am I.

(*All roll up in their blankets and lie down around the fire.*)

Miller. I wish those wild ducks and geese would stop their quacking and hissing.

Lewis (*killling mosquitoes*). These mosquitoes are a dreadful nuisance. I have never seen such enormous creatures anywhere else.

Parker. What is that strange noise? It sounds like waves against the sand.

(All listen.)

Clark. Oh, that's nothing but a prairie dog scratching and prowling round.

Miller. I heard a rustling over there, unlike any sound I have ever heard before.

Lewis. It is only an antelope. Go to sleep, and you will not be disturbed by noises.

Rogers (rising and looking round). I declare, this sand bank is sinking. The water is creeping in upon us. That is the cause of those queer sounds.

(All get up.)

Lewis. The stream must be changing its course. That has happened before in this region.

Clark. We must find some other place to spend the night. The place where we were lying is disappearing rapidly. Even the wild geese have left it.

(They pick up their belongings and depart.)

Parker (following in the rear). I wonder what will happen next.

SCENE III

Winter Quarters near Bismarck on the Missouri River

CHARACTERS

Lewis

Clark

Chaboneau

An Interpreter, and his wife (called Bird Woman)

Rogers

Indian chief

Parker

Two Braves

Squaw and other Indians

(Lewis is cleaning a gun, Rogers and Parker are mending a boat. Clark is writing. Chaboneau and his wife are taking turns at stirring meal in a bowl.)

Lewis. It is almost a year since we left St.

Louis, and we have not reached the Rockies yet.

Parker. Well, I think sixteen hundred miles is a long distance to have covered. Chaboneau says that we shall surely find the Great Falls in three moons.

Rogers. That would be about June, wouldn't it? I wonder where we shall be next April.

Clark (laughing). Anybody who is likely to grow impatient should have gone with the party that returned.

Rogers. I am anxious to go ahead as fast as possible. I want to see that eagle's nest over the Falls. I do not believe those Mandan Indians ever saw half the wonderful things they told us about.

Lewis (to the Bird Woman). Do you think we can reach the eagle's nest and the Falls in three moons?

Bird Woman. In two moons we should see the High Mountains, and in three moons we are sure to hear the Big Falls.

Clark (to the Bird Woman). Do you still intend to go with us? Such a journey may not be very safe for you and your child.

Bird Woman (smiling cheerfully). Indeed, I am going with you. I want my little son to be the youngest explorer known.

Clark (to the others). She has the necessary courage, but I am afraid the peril is too great.

Chaboneau. I have told her so, but nothing will change her decision.

Bird Woman. I shall try to be a help rather than a hindrance. I fear no danger with so many strong men.

Lewis. That is a real compliment.

Clark. I hope we shall prove worthy of her good opinion.

(Enter Indians.)

Lewis (in Indian language). Good day, friends, I wonder whether you will sell us some food to-day.

Chief (shaking his head). We have none to sell. We need it all ourselves.

Lewis. But we have presents for you.
Come let us show them to you.

(Indians crowd around.)

Chief. Maybe we can let you have some venison if you pay us enough.

Clark (offering a present). Will you take this in exchange for some beans?

First Brave. Yes, I will get some now. Do not give that present to anybody else while I am gone. *(He goes out.)*

Rogers (offering another gift). I will give this for some buffalo meat.

Squaw. I will look for some. Just wait a moment. *(She goes out.)*

Parker. I should like a piece of suet to make a pudding.

Second Brave. I have very little, but you may have it all, if you will give me this.
(He picks up a string of beads.)

Lewis. All right. Go and get it.

(Brave goes out.)

Clark. What a fine Fourth of July dinner we shall have!

Lewis. We shall have venison, beans, and buffalo meat.

Parker (laughing). Don't forget the suet pudding I intend to make.

Lewis. That will be a real feast, after living on stale meat, fish, and roots for so long. Maybe the Bird Woman will rob some mice nests for us, and get their winter store of Jerusalem artichokes.

Parker. The last she found were delicious. I am glad she came along. She not only helps to provide us with food, but she is an interpreter even better than her husband.

(Indians return with food.)

Clark (to the Indians). The Great Father in Washington will always be kind to his children, as long as they are so generous.

Chief. We are all pleased with our bargains. Now would you like to see some of our braves dance, before you go?

Lewis and Clark. Yes, indeed.

(Braves dance. White men applaud.)

Clark. That was very well done ; but we must hasten on, my men. We have yet a long way to travel, and the day is far advanced.

Lewis. Good-by, red men.

Chief. Good-by, palefaces. Come again and bring us some more presents.

(Indians go out, followed by white men.)

SCENE IV

Near the Missouri River, in what is now Montana

CHARACTERS

Lewis

Rogers

Clark

Chaboneau

Parker

Bird Woman

Miller

Other Indians

(All are sitting down under a tree)

Time —August

Parker. If we do not get food soon, we shall starve. We have eaten our last piece of pork.

Rogers. We have a little flour and some parched meal left.

Miller. That will make a very poor meal.

Lewis. Look! There are some people in the distance.

(All jump up.)

Parker. Where? I do not see anybody.

Lewis (pointing). At the foot of that hill.

(They all look.)

Chaboneau. I see them. There are some men and several squaws.

Lewis. Let us be ready to meet them.

(Picking up a blanket.) We will throw this blanket above our heads and spread it on the ground as a sign of friendship. Let us leave our guns standing against this tree so that they will know we do not mean to harm them. When they get here, we will give them these beads and looking-glasses.

(He takes presents from a bag. They lay down guns, wave and spread out the blanket,

and start to meet the Indians, who are entering in fear and bowing their heads to be struck. Lewis and his men smile and shake the Indians' hands, give them presents, and by pantomime show that they are friendly. Then the Indians embrace the white men and daub vermilion on the cheeks of their newly-found friends.)

Indians (in chorus). Ah, hie! Ah, hie!

Rogers. What does that mean?

Chaboneau. Probably it means that they are much pleased.

(Indians begin to take off moccasins.)

Miller. Must we do that too?

Chaboneau. Yes. It means they will go bare-foot among rocks and thorns if they ever break friendship with us.

(Indian Chief passes round pipe of peace. They all smoke. White men remove moccasins.)

Chaboneau (in Indian language). We should

like some food. We have eaten nothing since last night.

Chief (to Squaw). Bring that cake made of chokecherries.

(She brings it, and the Chief gives it to Lewis.)

Chief. This is all we have.

Chaboneau. We are glad to get it. *(He passes around the cake, and the men eat it.)*

Chief. Where are you going?

Chaboneau. To meet some traders with a white chief who cannot be far distant. If you are not afraid, we should like to have you come with us.

Chief. No one shall ever say that we are afraid *(the braves nod assent.)*, but I suspect that you may be deceiving us.

Chaboneau (in English, to the white men). They are suspicious of us.

Lewis. Tell them we will remain here with them, and send one man ahead to find the other party.

(The interpreter is supposed to tell the Chief.)

Chief. That will satisfy us, if you will let us hold your guns.

Chaboneau *(to white men)*. He wants our guns.

Lewis. Very well. Tell him to take them.

We have the powder and shot.

Chaboneau *(to Chief)*. The white chief says you may hold them.

(Indians crowd around, pick up guns, and examine them.)

(Enter Clark and other traders.)

Lewis. Here they are now. *(He advances to Clark and shakes hands with him.)* We have been looking for you for a long time. It is certainly good to see you again.

Clark. We have had a hard trip with our heavily-loaded boats up the rapid stream; but, thank Heaven, we are all together once more.

(All shake hands.)

Lewis (*pointing to the Indians*). These red men that we have just met do not trust us. We must gain their confidence.

Clark. Then let us have a council with them, and see whether we can get them to give us some of their horses to use for the rest of the journey.

Lewis. That is a wise idea. (*To the interpreter.*) Chaboneau, you tell them.

Chaboneau (*speaking Indian dialect*). Come, friends, let us smoke the pipe of peace with the white men who have just come, and talk over our affairs.

(*All form a circle, and smoke.*)

Clark. I will give them these presents.

(*He pins medals on some, and gives knives, beads, looking-glasses, etc., to others. All seem delighted.*)

Chaboneau. We will give you more presents in exchange for some horses.

Chief. What will you give us?

Chaboneau. This coat, these leggings, handkerchiefs, and knives. (*He holds up the articles mentioned.*)

Chief. We will give you some good horses for those.

Chaboneau. Then the bargain is closed.

Clark. Tell them to come over yonder and have something to eat. We brought along part of a deer, an antelope, and some Indian corn.

Lewis. That is welcome news, for we are all hungry.

Chaboneau. Come, friends, the white chief invites you to a feast.

(*Everybody rises and follows Clark. All go out.*)



SCENE V

Banks of Columbia River

CHARACTERS

<i>Lewis</i>	<i>Parker</i>
<i>Clark</i>	<i>Miller</i>
<i>Rogers</i>	<i>Bird Woman</i>
<i>Other Indians</i>	

(White men are sitting before a camp fire. Indians enter in single file, humming and beating rude drums. They form a semicircle in front of the white men, smile, and nod their heads.)

Lewis. What are those savages going to do?

Bird Woman. Cook us a meal to show their friendship.

(The Indians heat stones in the fire, drop them into pails of water, and put fish in to boil.)

Rogers. They are boiling salmon.

Chaboneau. They have plenty of that kind

of fish now. They have been drying a supply for winter.

Miller. What are those rush mats for?

Bird Woman. Those are dishes to hold the food.

Parker. They have brought some filberts and berries, too, for us to eat.

Clark. Thank them, Chaboneau. None of us know their language.

Chaboneau. Neither do I. My wife will have to talk for us. She came from this part of the country.

Lewis. You speak to them, Bird Woman.

Bird Woman (*in Indian language*). The white men are pleased with your kindness.

Chief. We are glad to do all that we can for strangers.

(Indians grunt, smile, and nod in a friendly manner. All eat the feast together and smoke the calumet. Then the white men distribute presents among the Indians.)

Lewis (to the white men). Now that we have followed the river for such a long distance, we cannot be far from the ocean.

Clark. If we continue our voyage, we are sure to find the Pacific. Let us go forward.

Parker. How can we go any farther? Our blankets are soaking wet from the rains, and we have nothing to eat but dried fish.

Rogers. Yes, and we are all tired. I have rowed until I am stiff.

Bird Woman. Why should we stop because of mere discomfort? It will be only a short time before we reach the end of our journey.

Lewis. Well said, brave woman. You always give us new courage.

Clark. Come, men. I think we can stand the hardship if she can. It would be cowardly to stop now.

Rogers (to Bird Woman). You are the stoutest-hearted explorer in the party.

Bird Woman. Oh, no, I am not brave. I am only anxious to find the end of our journey.

Lewis. Let us all show our enthusiasm by continuing on our way.

(All go out, after bidding the Indians a friendly good-by.)

SCENE VI

St. Louis — A Room in a House

CHARACTERS

Lewis

Clark

Governor of the state

Other Citizens and explorers

Lewis. It is good to be home again after our long journey, and an absence of over two years.

Governor. You can never be fully repaid for all that you have done for the United States in exploring so thoroughly the far West.

First Citizen. We are delighted to welcome

you back. Every day we have anxiously watched for your return.

Second Citizen. More than once we feared you were lost; but every one has prayed for your safety.

Third Citizen (to interpreter's wife). We are glad that you brought the youngest explorer home safe and sound. Apparently the trip has done the child no harm.

Fourth Citizen. How can we reward this gallant company? They have done what no money can repay.

Governor. President Jefferson is anxious to see you at Washington to express his gratitude in the name of the nation.

Clark. We have found the way to the Pacific Ocean, and opened up that rich country. What we have accomplished is a sufficient reward for our labors.

(*All go out.*)

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

SCENE I

*Boston — a Small Room behind the Soap and
Candle Shop of Benjamin Franklin's Father*

CHARACTERS

Benjamin Franklin

James, his brother

Their Father and their Mother

(Benjamin, with his coat off, is reading a newspaper on a table covered with candle molds and wicks.)

Father (entering). Benjamin, what in the world are you doing?

Benjamin (putting the newspaper aside). I was just reading brother James's newspaper.



Father. Every time you find anything to read, you neglect your work. Have any customers been in here while I was out?

Benjamin. Yes, I sold a dozen candles to an old man.

Father. If you do not attend to business better, we shall soon have no more candles to sell.

Benjamin. I have finished cutting all these wicks. (*He picks up some wicks.*)

Father (laughing). A candle needs something besides a wick. (*He picks up dish of tallow.*) This tallow will have to be melted again before you can pour it into these molds. (*He points to the molds.*)

Benjamin (sighing). I hate candle-making.

Father. I have heard you say that before. I hope you are not lazy, my boy.

Benjamin. No, I am not lazy. I should like to go to sea.

Father. Put that notion out of your head at once. The life of a sailor is both hard and dangerous.

Benjamin. I know that, but I am tired of the stupid work here.

Father. What is good enough for your father should be good enough for you. I do not want to hear any more grumbling. Get to work and try to be industrious.

(Benjamin obeys, after casting a few regretful glances at the newspaper.)

Mother (entering, followed by about a dozen children). You children go out and play. It has stopped raining now, and you ought to be out of doors.

(The children go out.)

Father. Benjamin has been spending his time reading as usual, instead of working. He ought to have had all these candles done long ago, so that he could help you make the soap.

Mother. I can get along very well without him. The soap only needs stirring. *(She stirs the soap in a kettle.)*

Father. The boy has helped very little lately.

Mother. Perhaps he is not well.

Father. Oh, yes, he is all right; but he wants a new job. (*To Benjamin.*) How would you like to work for James in the newspaper business?

Benjamin. It would be very interesting to be a printer.

James (entering). Good morning.

Father. Good morning, James, we were just talking about you.

James. I hope you were saying something good.

Father. I was wondering if you could do anything for Benjamin. He wants a change of employment.

James (sitting down). What does he want to do?

Father. I do not believe he knows himself.

James. Then he had better stay where he is.

Father. I thought perhaps you could give him something to do in the printing office.

James. I could, if he would work; but if he spends all his time reading he would not be of much use.

Benjamin. I would rather do anything than fill candle molds.

James. That is easy compared with printing.

Benjamin. I know it. Everybody seems to think that I am lazy; but I am not looking for easy work. All I want is something interesting.

Father. What wages could you give the lad, James?

James. The most I ever give to an apprentice is his room and board.

Benjamin. Give me two dollars without my board. I will board myself and save enough money to buy books to read.

Father. How could you do that?

Benjamin. Boiled potatoes and other vegetables suit me. I can get along without meat. I care more for learning than for eating.

Mother. You must not starve yourself. People who work must eat.

Benjamin (laughing). No danger of my starving. My appetite is too good.

Father. I cannot understand where Benjamin gets his queer ideas. He is different from all the other members of the family on both sides.

James. I will take the strange notions out of him, soon enough, if he neglects his work.

Mother. Do not be hard on him. He is a good boy.

Benjamin. When do you want me to begin? I am anxious to get rid of my present task.

James. You may come over to the printing office now.

Benjamin. All right. Wait until I get my coat. (*He takes his coat down from a nail.*)

Father. Be industrious, Benjamin; and run over every evening to let us know how you are getting along.

Benjamin. Very well, father. Good-by, mother.

(The two brothers go out.)

Father (continuing the work Benjamin left).

I do not see why Benjamin does not like to do this. I find it very interesting to make the candles look just right. *(A bell rings.)* There goes the bell on the shop door. I must attend to that customer. *(He goes out.)*

Mother. I hear the baby crying. I can leave that soap. It is stirred enough now. *(She goes out.)*

SCENE II

Philadelphia — a Street

CHARACTERS

Franklin

An Old Woman

Deborah Reed and her Mother

A small child

Time — Sunday Morning

(Benjamin is walking along, eating a roll, with another under each arm, and his pockets stuffed out with his belongings. He is ragged and spattered with mud. An old woman with a child, walking in front of him, tumbles down. Deborah Reed, a young girl, rushes from a neighboring doorway to help her up. Franklin reaches the old woman first and helps her to rise. The rolls fall on the pavement.)

Old Woman. Thank you, my boy.

Franklin. I hope you are not hurt.

(Deborah picks up the rolls and brushes the dust off them.)

Old Woman. No, I think not. I must have stubbed my toe.

Deborah. Have you walked far? You look tired.

Old Woman. Yes, I am very tired. My grandson and I have had nothing to eat since yesterday.

Franklin (taking the rolls from Deborah). Let

me share my breakfast with you and the boy.

Old Woman. I hope I am not robbing you.

Franklin. No, I have had more than enough.

Take these. (*He hands a roll to the old woman and one to the child.*)

Old Woman (taking the roll). You are very kind. All I can give you in return is an old woman's blessing

Franklin. One could not ask for anything better.

(*Old Woman and child go out, eating their rolls.*)

Deborah (to Franklin). If you are hungry, my mother will give you something to eat.

Franklin. Oh, no. I could not eat any more.

Deborah. Your clothes are torn, and you are spattered with mud. Have you come far?

Franklin. All the way from Boston. I tried to get work in New York, but decided I might have better luck here.

Deborah. You have walked a long distance.

Franklin. I went to New York in a sailing vessel, but I have tramped fifty miles of the way from there.

Deborah. Why did you leave home?

Franklin. I was working for my brother, and we did not get along very well together.

Deborah. Sit down here on our steps and tell me about it.

(They sit down.)

Franklin. Well, he was cross, and I was saucy.

(They both laugh.)

Deborah. That was rather bad. What do you want to do now?

Franklin. I am a printer, and I am looking for work.

Deborah (pointing to his pockets). Did you carry all your belongings in your pockets?

Franklin. Yes, I ran away; that is why I did not dare to borrow a bag.

Deborah. Can you do anything but printing?

Franklin. Yes, I can write verses and stories.

I used to slip them under the door of my

brother's office, and he put them in his newspaper, thinking some one else wrote them.

Deborah. That was a good joke. Did you bring any of them with you?

Franklin. Yes, here is one you may have if you want it. (*He takes a newspaper from his pocket, unfolds it, and shows Deborah the story that he wrote. She folds the paper up again.*)

Deborah. Thank you, I will read it to-morrow. My mother does not like to have me read newspapers on Sunday.

Mother (appearing). To whom are you talking, Deborah?

Deborah. I did not ask his name. He helped a poor old woman who fell down in front of the house, and gave her most of his breakfast.

Mother. What is your name, my boy?

Benjamin. Benjamin Franklin. I am a printer by trade and am looking for work.

Mother. Have you been to see Bradford or Keimer? They might give you something to do.

Franklin. No, I am going to hunt them up to-morrow.

Mother. Would you like something to eat?

Franklin. No, thank you.

Mother. I hope you will find employment. If you do not succeed, I can give you some weeding to do in the garden next week. Deborah, come in and get ready for Sunday school.

Deborah. Good-by, Benjamin.

Franklin. Good-by Miss. (*Deborah and her mother go into the house.*) I wonder what her name is. I will try to find out; but now I must find some place where I can sleep to-night. To-morrow I can look for work.

SCENE III

A Field

CHARACTERS

*Franklin**A Farmer and his Boy*

(*A thunder storm is raging. Franklin is flying a kite. A Leyden jar stands at his feet.*)

Farmer (entering with Boy). Why are you standing out here? Very soon you will get soaked to the skin; and, besides, you may be struck by lightning.

Boy. See, father, he is flying a kite, but it is not a bit like mine.

Franklin (to Farmer). I suppose it does look foolish to stand out here flying a kite in a thunder storm; but if you are not in too much of a hurry I will show you what I am doing.

Farmer. Well, I should really like to know.

Franklin. I am trying to find out what the lightning will do.

Farmer. If you will come down back of my house, I will show you what it can do. Our big elm tree was struck last spring, and now it is as black and dead as a piece of burnt wood.

Franklin. I am trying to catch the lightning so that it will run in one direction instead of striking things at random.

Farmer. * How can you do that?

Franklin. If I can find out how to attract it I can attach a rod to a house; and if the lightning comes that way, it will get caught in the rod.

Farmer. Well, that beats anything I have ever heard of.

Boy (seizing his father's arm). Oh, father, that was an awful flash. I am afraid.

Farmer. Don't be afraid. See what a queer kite the man has.

Franklin. The kite, as you see, is made of a

silk handkerchief, with a metal point fastened to the top. Attached to the kite is a hemp string. At the other end is a key. Tied to the key is a silk ribbon to hold the kite by.

Farmer. Why do you use a metal point?

Franklin. To attract the lightning. Then it runs along the hemp string to the key.

Farmer. Why doesn't it strike you when it gets to the key?

Franklin. Because the silk ribbon in my hand will not carry the current.

Boy. Let me fly the kite.

(Franklin gives it to the Boy. A gust of wind raises it. A flash strikes fire on the key. The Boy drops the kite. Franklin catches it.)

Boy. That kite acts strangely. I am afraid of it.

Farmer. Do not let him have it again. He might get struck.

Franklin. There is no danger so long as he

does not touch the key where the lightning comes.

Farmer. What are you doing with that jar?
(*He points to jar.*)

Franklin (*picking up jar*). I have filled it with sparks. Now I know that lightning and electricity are the same thing. They can both be caught in the same way.

Boy (*stretching out his hand*). Father, it is raining like everything.

Farmer. Well, I think we had better be going home. That is a wonderful thing, but you will be drenched if you stay here much longer.

Franklin. I will walk as far as the road with you. I have found out all I want to know at present. My next experiment will be with the lightning rod. If a small metal point catches some electricity, a long rod will do better.

SCENE IV

*Versailles. Audience Chamber of Louis XVI,
King of France*

CHARACTERS

Franklin

The King and Queen of France

King (pointing to a seat). Be seated, Dr.

Franklin. A man of your years and honorable deeds shall not stand in our presence.

Franklin. If I might gain your Majesty's favor for my native land, I would willingly stand all day.

Queen. That is unnecessary. We are glad to listen to you. Your fame as an inventor, author, and statesman has preceded you.

Franklin (sitting down). As you know, we seek freedom from the unjust taxation of the Mother Country. With this in view, we wrote the Declaration of Independence.

We are now framing a Constitution by which the United States shall be governed.

King. Your Declaration is worthy of the respect of all the nations of the world.

Queen. I understand that Dr. Franklin helped to make it.

King. That is only one of his valuable services.

Franklin. Your Majesty flatters me. My only regret is that I am too old to serve my country by fighting side by side with its brave soldiers.

King. The American colonies ought to be free from the oppression of England.

Franklin. We lack money to pay our soldiers. A loan for this purpose is one of the requests that I have come to lay before your Majesty.

King. We may need all our means to carry on wars of our own; but we will consider your request seriously and do our best for you.

Franklin. Any help will be appreciated.

King. If we should send soldiers to fight in your war, we ourselves might get into difficulties with England.

Franklin. Burgoyne's surrender shows that our success is probable.

King. That seems reasonable. The surrender of which you speak is very significant.

Franklin. An alliance between France and America would be an advantage to both countries.

King. We are favorably impressed with the idea, but must consider anything so important very carefully.

Queen. How many war vessels do you need?

Franklin. About sixteen, your Majesty.

King. If France takes part in the affairs of the colonies, it may mean war with England.

Franklin. True; but the ruling family of Spain is so closely related to that of France

that it would join hands with your Majesty. Indeed, Holland also might join the alliance for purposes of trade.

King. You are well versed in the affairs of nations.

Franklin. It is necessary that an ambassador study such subjects carefully.

Queen. How many of our men would you need to bring the war to a close?

Franklin. Three or four thousand.

King. That is a good many. We will, however, give the matter our immediate attention, and if possible we will make the alliance and grant you the loan.

Franklin. I thank your Majesty. I will return for a decision before I sail back to America.

King. You will not be kept waiting long.

(Franklin bows and passes out between the lines of courtiers.)

King (to the Queen). Let us withdraw until

the morrow, when we will consider the affairs of the brave American colonies.

(All go out, King and Queen followed by courtiers.)



JAMES WOLFE

SCENE I

*Cabin of a British Ship on the St. Lawrence
River*

CHARACTERS

Wolfe and his Aide-de-camp

Two French Pilots

A British Officer

(Wolfe is drawing plans at a table. The Aide-de-camp enters and salutes. Wolfe looks up.)

Aide-de-camp. The soldiers have captured two French pilots, and are treating them very roughly. The prisoners are badly frightened. What do you wish done?

Wolfe. No better luck could have befallen

us. Bring them in. I will speak with them.

(Aide salutes and goes out.)

Officer (entering with two prisoners). We have taken these men, but we do not wish to hang them without your orders.

Wolfe (to the pilots). What have you to say for yourselves? Why are you prowling about here?

First Pilot. We meant no harm. If you will rescue us from these uncivil soldiers, and spare our lives, we are at your bidding.

Second Pilot. Do not kill us, good general. We were only trying to catch fish in the river.

Wolfe. I will spare your lives on one condition. If you do not accept our terms, I will not answer for the consequences.

First Pilot. We will do whatever you command.

Second Pilot. Yes, anything.

Wolfe. Can you steer our ships up the river,

near the city? That is the only service we shall ask of you. Accomplish this, and you are free.

First Pilot. Yes, I know every inch of the river. That is not at all difficult to do.

Wolfe. Your people have blocked the river with logs. Some of them are under water, and the trip is perilous.

Second Pilot. We know the location of every log, for we helped to place them in the river.

Wolfe. Very well. You shall pilot us to-night. If one vessel runs aground, you will both be hanged. Do you understand?

First Pilot. We will do as you say, and we will stake our lives on our success.

Second Pilot. Indeed, we will; and we thank you for your kindness to us.

Wolfe. If you steer us safely, you shall go free. You may rely on that.

First Pilot (to Second Pilot). To-morrow we shall be free to return home to our anxious wives and children.

Wolfe. Yes, just as soon as we need you no longer, we will give you permission to go back.

Second Pilot. You may depend on us.

(Soldier takes the prisoners out. General Wolfe follows.)

SCENE II

Montcalm's Headquarters in the City of Quebec

CHARACTERS

Montcalm

The French Governor of Quebec

(Montcalm is writing at a table. The Governor enters.)

Montcalm. Good evening, Governor. It has been a warm day for this part of the world.
Governor. Yes, but there is a delightful breeze stirring on the river now.

Montcalm. What new things have the English been doing to-day?

Governor. Only prowling around as usual.

Their movements are always mysterious.

Montcalm. Their provisions cannot last much longer. (*He folds the letter he has been writing and seals it in the envelope.*) No supplies are coming in; they cannot live on air.

Governor. It is only September. They will not begin to suffer until the cold weather. Now they are living on fish, fruit, and game; but when frost comes their ships will be fastened tightly in the ice. Then they will not fare so well.

Montcalm. I believe they will go home soon. They must be very tired of waiting, with no success ahead of them.

Governor. It may be possible that they will attack the citadel before long. No doubt that is what they are planning to do.

Montcalm. I scarcely believe so. They cannot land there. The cliffs are too steep; and our guards are always on the lookout for scouts.

Governor. Perhaps they will try to enter at some other point. They doubtless know every inch of the river for a long distance on every side.

Montcalm. There is no spot unfortified within seven or eight miles on each side of the city. They would be seen marching back and would be intercepted if they should land so far away.

Governor. I think we ought to begin action and destroy the British fleet at once. That is the best way to end the uncertainty.

Montcalm (pacing up and down the floor). Our last attempt was a useless waste of powder and shot. It had no more effect than so many firecrackers. Even the fire ships that we sent to destroy the fleet were intercepted and sent down the river.

Governor. But something must be done. If they should take Quebec, Canada would belong to the British forever. It is a serious matter.

Montcalm (sitting on the corner of a table).

Be patient! I think they will sail back to England soon. If not, there will be time enough to plan another attack.

Governor (raising his finger). Listen!

Montcalm. What is the matter, man? Are you nervous? I hear nothing but the steps of the sentry.

Governor. I hear shots and confused noises. Something is wrong.

(As they listen, a French soldier enters, stands at attention, and salutes.)

Soldier (showing suppressed excitement). The British are attacking the citadel, sir.

Montcalm (hurriedly putting on his sword).
Where are they?

Soldier. They seem to be coming from every direction. One detachment has passed the guards and climbed the steep banks beyond the city to the plains of Abraham.

Montcalm. Then they have found the weak

side of that wretched garrison, but we must fight and crush them. If I had been in the citadel, I might have prevented this attack. Let us hasten. There is no time to waste.

SCENE III

The Citadel — a Room in the Fort

CHARACTERS

Four British Officers

Colonel

Captain

Major

Lieutenant

Colonel. How did you manage to pass the French guards last night?

Lieutenant. It was very dark. We spoke to them in the French language, and they thought we were Frenchmen. We learned the countersign from a French deserter.

“Halt! Who goes there?” shouted a French sentinel.

“France,” I replied.

Captain. A little farther on another sentinel asked the same question. I replied: "Provision boats. Hush! The English may hear you." He was completely deceived.

Major. At the foot of the precipice, led by the Highlanders, we started to climb the bank. Then you followed us while the rest pretended to attack the intrenchments below the city.

Captain. It is a glorious victory; but I cannot forget the price that we have paid for it. General Wolfe, our brave commander, is dead.

Colonel. What did he say to you before he died?

Captain. He was wounded in both the wrist and the side. Another shot struck him in the breast.

"Support me. Let not my brave fellows see me fall," he cried.

Then he sank to the ground.

"See, they run!" I shouted.

"Who run?" he asked.

"The French," I answered.

"Thank God! I die happy," were his last words.

Captain. Ah, he was a brave man. Where shall we ever find another commander to equal him?

Lieutenant. Montcalm, the French general, is mortally wounded, too. He, also, is a valiant soldier.

(A soldier enters, stands at attention, and salutes.)

Soldier. Montcalm is dead.

(They all stand silent for a moment.)

Lieutenant. Now the French will lose their courage, and we will vanquish them.

Colonel. Montcalm was a gallant general. No one can fill his place.

Soldier. He said that he would rather die than see the capture of Quebec; but it consoled him to be conquered by so great and generous an enemy.

Colonel. None but a noble soul could feel that.

Captain. We have won, but we have paid dearly for our victory. War is the curse of the world.

Colonel. Well said ! Let us go now to the battle field and care for the wounded.

(They all go out.)





WILLIAM PENN

SCENE I

England — a Room in King Charles's Palace

CHARACTERS

King Charles

Attendants

William Penn

(Quaker dialect, though used by the Quakers, is omitted because of its faulty English.)

King Charles (putting on hat and cloak, ready to go out). Since there is no special business to claim our attention at present, a short walk would be pleasant.

Attendant (entering). William Penn is here, your Majesty.

Charles. Admit him to our presence. (*Aside.*)
Our walk can just as well be postponed for
a little while.

(*Enter William Penn dressed as a Quaker. He
keeps his hat on. The King removes his.*)

Penn. Why do you remove your hat, friend
Charles?

Charles. It is the custom here for only one
head to remain covered.

Penn. I understand. You mean that I
should have removed my hat; but a Quaker
never uncovers his head to any one.

Charles. We do not approve of Quaker cus-
toms that are not courteous.

Penn (taking off his hat). Then I will remove
my hat, but only to respect your wishes.
I scorn the man who humbles himself to
another.

Charles. Politeness is not humility. It is
really proper dignity; but we will not
discuss the matter, Penn. We are glad to

see you. You are growing to look more like your father every day. He was a good man, although he was not a Quaker (*laughing good-naturedly*).

Penn. Thanks, friend Charles. I called on important business. I am taking the liberty of asking your help.

Charles (*pouring some cordial from a bottle*). You look tired. This cordial will refresh you. You are always busy with some serious affair.

Penn (*drinking*). Thank you. I am somewhat weary. Every day I find some new matter to occupy my time and attention.

Charles. Well, what is the important business to-day? You Quakers are usually perplexed about something.

Penn. I should never be troubled again, if we possessed some land where we could worship God as we see fit. At present we have no peace, night or day. We are annoyed and persecuted on all sides.

Charles. Why not go to America? There you may do as you please. We have no real sympathy with your views, but we will do anything for the son of Admiral Penn, your father.

Penn. It costs too much to buy land. We have scarcely money enough to live on. I wish that you could advise us what to do.

Charles. The crown owed your father £16,000. To pay that debt we will give you 40,000 acres of land in the New World, to which nobody but Quakers will be admitted. There you may enjoy both civil and religious liberty. That ought to satisfy the most exacting of your followers.

Penn. All we desire is such a tract of land.

Charles. We shall be glad to grant you this piece of property. And to be frank, merry England will be just as well off without so many Quakers with their gray clothes and somber faces. (*He smiles good-humoredly.*)

Penn. Yes, I have no doubt everybody will

be glad to see us go. We might call this new land Sylvania, meaning the woods. What do you think of that for a name?

Charles. Why not call it Pennsylvania, which means Penn's woods? They will belong to you; and they might as well bear your name.

Penn. Quakers never seek to make their names famous.

Charles. Name it Pennsylvania, then, in honor of your father. That would be perfectly proper, and would show filial respect.

Penn. That is a good idea. I will do so; and I will send my relative, William Markham, with some other men, to explore the forest and make a settlement, as soon as you are willing.

Charles. Any time that you choose will suit us.

Penn (*rising to go*). I thank you, friend Charles; you have relieved my mind. You are not a Quaker, but you have a good heart.

Charles. Come again, when anything troubles you. We cannot bear to see a Quaker's face longer than necessary.

Penn. I will. Good-by, and God bless you !

(They shake hands. Penn goes out. King Charles yawns and stretches out his feet, then gets up and goes out, saying),

Charles. We are glad to get rid of an old debt so easily. We should like Penn very much if he were not a Quaker ; but people of that religion are too solemn to please us.

SCENE II

Outside the Fort at New Castle, on the Delaware

CHARACTERS

William Penn

William Markham

Other Quakers

Also resident officers of the Duke of York

Penn (to the Quakers). When the king gave us our land, I did not consider the fact that no arrangements had been made for our use of the Delaware River. I am glad that we are now to receive final possession of the fort of New Castle, which will give us control of this waterway.

Markham. From whom do we receive this privilege?

Penn. From the Duke of York, who owns it.

(Enter three resident officers of the Duke of York.)

First Officer. Good day. We have come, as you see, to keep our appointment with you. I hope that you have not been waiting long.

Penn. No, we have just come.

Second Officer. We will proceed with the ancient custom of delivering a fort. You take this key, lock the door, and then unlock it. *(He hands Penn a key. Penn does as directed.)* This is to show that

you alone have the right to admit any one to the fort.

First Officer. We now present you with this piece of turf with a twig on it to indicate that you have control over the land upon which the fort is built.

(Penn takes the turf in his right hand.)

Third Officer. And here is a dish containing river water and soil as a sign that you have the right of way on the Delaware River.

(Penn takes the dish in his left hand.)

First Officer. Now the arrangements are all complete.

Penn. And thus we take peaceable possession of New Castle, which is the key to the Delaware.

(All go out).

SCENE III

*Pennsylvania — a Forest on the Present Site
of Philadelphia*

CHARACTERS

Penn and his friend Martin

Roberts

Richardson

(Enter Penn, followed by others.)

Penn. What a beautiful place you have chosen! You could not have selected a more pleasing situation.

Martin. It is also very fertile. Anything we plant springs up immediately.

Roberts. All about us nuts and wheat and grapes are growing in abundance. The vegetation is luxuriant in all directions.

Richardson. There are wild turkeys and ducks and geese by the hundreds. No one ever need be hungry in this country.

Martin. And deer and fish enough for all of us. It is no trouble to capture them.

Penn. Are those Indians yonder always friendly?

Martin. They are not only kindly disposed, but they seem anxious to have us settle as near them as possible.

Roberts. We have promised that you will make a treaty with them. They are delighted at the idea of being on good terms with the white men.

Penn. Call them hither. Bring in the chest of presents, and we will make a treaty under this elm tree, now, while they are so inclined.

(Richardson brings in the Indians. They form a half circle. Roberts carries in the presents. An interpreter indicates by pantomime that he is communicating the conversation with the Indians. Penn speaks in English. The interpreter goes through the motions of repeating Penn's words in the language of the Indians.)

Penn. Red men, we wish to say that we are glad to be here among you, and that we will never do any wrong to you or to your friends. If you are willing to make the same promise, we can all live happily together and never disagree.

Chief (speaking in a tone inaudible to the audience, the interpreter repeating his words in English). We shall be glad to sign such an agreement.

Penn. To show our friendship, we have brought presents from our home across the sea.

(Penn passes around scissors, knives, beads, combs, bells, guns, cloth, and mirrors among the savages. They exhibit their gifts to one another and express their appreciation in grunts and inarticulate mutterings.)

Penn. Martin, bring quill and paper.

(Martin brings writing materials and lays them on a small table.)

Penn. Here under this oak we will sign a treaty that will make us friends forever.

(Penn writes. The Chief comes forward, followed by the braves. They sign, one after another. While they are signing, the Quakers talk.)

Martin. See what queer marks they make!

Richardson. Let us look.

(The Quakers peer at the Indians' signatures.)

Roberts. Each is a picture of some plant or animal.

Penn. That is just as sensible as the letters we use to represent names.

Martin. They have all signed.

Penn (to interpreter). Now that we have agreed to this treaty, we will live together in brotherly love, giving one another all possible assistance and protection from enemies.

(The interpreter communicates this and other speeches to the Chief.)

Chief. Now let us smoke the pipe of peace.

(They all sit down and pass around the pipe of peace.) If you like, we will give an entertainment in your honor. To celebrate this important occasion, my braves will show you how high they can leap.

Penn. Indeed, we should enjoy that very much.

(Braves leap over a pole. The white men applaud.)

Roberts. That is excellent, but I think Friend Penn can jump as high as that. He was a champion when he was a schoolboy.

Richardson. I am sure that he can. I have seen him do some wonderful leaping.

Chief. So could I when I was as young as he is; but age brings stiffness.

Brave (to Penn). Come, it is your turn next. We want to see how the white men jump.

Penn. I will try, if it will please you; but I am sure I cannot do as well as you can.

(Penn leaps higher than the rest. They all applaud.)

Chief (to the white men). Your chief is a great man. My braves must have him teach them some of his skill.

Penn. We hope that you will come to visit us often. We will enjoy our sports together, and have contests for the young men.

Chief. We shall be glad to do so; but it is now time for us to go back to our wigwams. Thank you for the presents you have given us. We will always be friendly to you, and he who breaks the promises in Penn Charter shall be punished.

Penn. We are glad to have such good neighbors. *(To the Quakers.)* In honor of this occasion, let us name this settlement Philadelphia, which is a good word taken from the Bible, meaning brotherly love.

(All go out, nodding assent, and talking together.)

DOLLY MADISON

SCENE I

A Room in the White House

CHARACTERS

*President Madison and his wife, Dolly
Dinah Adams; a colored woman, who is a
trusted servant*

Dinah's son, George Washington Adams

(Negroes speak with only a suggestion of dialect.)

(Dolly is winding yarn off Dinah's hands.)

Time — 1814

Dinah. Is Massa goin' away to-day?

Dolly. Yes. The business of this dreadful war calls him away entirely too often.



Dinah (*pulling at the skein*). Dis yarn is gettin' tangled.

Dolly. Only a little. Keep your hands quite still, and I will straighten it out. (*She disentangles it.*) There, now it will wind easily.

Dinah. What you goin' to do wid dis yarn, Mis' Madison?

Dolly. Knit a warm muffler for your master. He is so busy he never takes care of his health unless I watch him.

Dinah. I have worked for three Presidents; but Massa Madison surely has the bes' wife of dem all.

Dolly (*laughing*). I am afraid you imagine that.

Dinah. No indeed. Everybody say so. Hyah comes Massa himself to prove what I say is true.

(*Enter President Madison, hat in hand.*)

Dolly. Must you start so soon?

President. Yes, the militia is gathering

now. I should have gone before; I hope to be back to-morrow or next day.

Dolly. Is Washington in any greater danger of attack than it was yesterday?

President. We hope to avert the danger.

Dolly. How many British ships are anchored in the Potomac?

President. The messenger who brought the news said about fifty. I wish I were not obliged to leave you at this dangerous time.

Dolly. The safety of the city and the nation are at stake. I would go also, if I could be of any use.

President. You are a brave woman and a good wife.

Dinah. Dat's what I tole her, Massa.

President (to Dinah). Well, Dinah, you were right, as usual. (*Dinah grins.*) (*To Dolly.*) I know that you will not be afraid while I am gone.

Dolly. I fear nothing, so long as you are not harmed and our army succeeds.

President. If you should be obliged to escape before I return, take the Cabinet papers with you.

Dolly. The Declaration of Independence will be my especial care. I will guard it with my life, if necessary.

President. I hope there will be no need for that. You are as loyal as the men who first signed it.

Dolly. What else should be removed in case of sudden danger?

President (pointing to a picture). That portrait of George Washington could not be replaced. It is the only one of its kind in the world.

Dolly. It shall never fall into the hands of the British while it is in my keeping.

George (entering). Your horse is ready, Massa.

President. Very well, George, I will be there presently.

George (aside). I wish he would take me with him. I would like to kill a few of those British.

Dinah. What you mutterin' to yo'self, George Washington Adams?

George. I was just sayin' I would like to go with Massa.

President (laughing). I will take you along the next time I go. You must stay here and take care of your mistress this time.

George. All right, Massa; jus' as you say.

President (to Dolly). I must hasten; but I will return as soon as I can. Let your chief concern be your own safety.

Dolly (walking toward a window and looking out). See, there are some people moving their household goods.

President (looking). Yes, they are no doubt going to the country.

Dolly. So as to be at a safe distance if the British make an attack upon the city.

President. During the last few days a great many people have been leaving their homes.

Dolly. They should stay and fight, not run away from danger.

President. You would inspire any one to be a hero. (*To Dinah.*) While I am gone, take good care of your mistress, Dinah.

Dinah. 'Deed, I will, sir.

President. Good-by, Dolly. Before I return I hope we shall put an end to this cruel war.

Dolly. I will go to the door with you and watch you ride away, so that I may see you as long as possible.

(*All go out.*)

SCENE II

A Room in the White House

CHARACTERS

<i>Dolly</i>	<i>Three messengers</i>
<i>Dinah</i>	<i>A British officer</i>
<i>George</i>	<i>Several soldiers</i>

Dolly (*looking with a spyglass out of a window*).

I wish that the President would return.

I have been looking for him all day; but

I can see only clouds of dust, groups of soldiers, and frightened women and children hastening in the direction of the bridge across the river.

Dinah (consolingly). He will surely be back soon.

George (entering, excited and out of breath). Here, Mrs. Madison, is a letter. The soldier who brought it says it is from Massa.

Dolly (taking the letter and hurriedly tearing it open, reads aloud). "The enemy are stronger than I thought at first. They may reach the city and destroy it. Be ready to leave at a moment's warning."

— We must pack up all the most valuable things at once.

Dinah. 'Deed we must. (*To George.*) Stop your tremblin', George Washington Adams, and go to work.

George (frightened). What shall I do? The British may catch us befo' we get away.

Dolly. Do not be frightened, George ; we may need your help and protection.

George (recovering himself). I'm not frightened. I'll fight dem British all by myself.

Dinah. Dat's de way to talk.

Dolly. Get as many trunks as my carriage will hold, and we will fill them with the most valuable things.

George. The carriage hold no more dan two.

Dolly. Very well. You get the trunks, and Dinah and I will pack up the Declaration of Independence and the other important papers. *(George goes out.)*

Dinah. What is you goin' do wid de silver, Mis' Madison ?

Dolly. Send it in a wagon out of the city.

George (returning and dragging in a trunk while she is talking). Dere is jus' one wagon left.

Dolly. Then we will make use of that ; and if it falls into the hands of the enemy, we cannot prevent it.

(A knock is heard.)

Dinah. Somebody's knockin' at de door.
George Washington Adams, you go see
who 'tis.

(George goes out.)

Dolly (taking papers out of desk drawers and handing them to Dinah). Pack these as closely as possible in the bottom of the trunk.

Dinah (taking papers and doing as directed.)

We can put all these in here.

Dolly. Then we can pack clothing in the other trunk.

George (entering excitedly, followed by three messengers covered with dust). These messengers have brought news.

First Messenger. Madam, we have come to tell you to be ready to leave as quickly as possible. The British are coming to burn the house over your head.

Dolly (calmly). I thank you for warning me; but I expect to wait here for the President.

Second Messenger. We beg you to escape while there is a chance.

Dolly. Mr. Madison said that he would return. If he is alive, he will keep his word.

Third Messenger. He sent us.

Dolly. I did not understand that at first.

First Messenger. On our way here we heard the British boasting that they would carry you and the President to England as prisoners of war.

Dolly. Are you in earnest?

Second Messenger. We speak the truth, madam.

Dolly. Then I will heed your warning and go, though it is against my will. (*To Dinah.*) Have you packed those papers?

Dinah. Yes, ma'am, the trunk is ready to lock.

Dolly (*taking a key from the inside of the desk*). I will lock it. (*She locks it.*) George, carry this trunk to my carriage. Dinah, get some of the clothing we need and put it in the trunk in the next room. You must hurry. (*Dinah goes out.*)

First Messenger. We will help to start you on your journey to safety.

(George and the third messenger carry out the trunk. A shot is heard.)

First Messenger. The British are at the gates. Hasten, madam.

Dolly. I had almost forgotten that picture of Washington.

Second Messenger (trying to pull it down). It is too late now. The heavy frame is fastened securely to the wall, and we have no time to get tools to pry it loose.

George (entering with an ax in his hand). The carriage is ready at the east door, and the British are on the other side of the house. If they try to catch us before we start, I'll chop their heads off. *(He swings ax.)*

(Crashing sounds and another shot are heard.)

Dolly. Chop down the frame of this picture, George. *(He does as directed.)* Now rip

the canvas off and roll it up. Hurry.

(They all help. A loud knocking is heard.)

Dolly. Hush, they are here. Tiptoe out as quietly as possible. I will draw the bolt on this inner door, and we will be gone before they can break it.

(All hurry out. The door is forced open. A British officer and several soldiers rush in.)

Officer (looking about). My men, the birds have flown.

First Soldier. Let us search the house. We may find them.

Officer. No, this desk is empty. Here are only a few unimportant papers where the rest must have been. *(He looks in the desk.)*

First Soldier (pointing to broken picture frame). They have even taken the pictures.

(All laugh boisterously.)

Second Soldier. Surely they have not had time to remove everything. Let us search for plunder.

Officer. Very well. After we take all that we want, we will set fire to the house.

First Soldier. We must leave this stubborn city a heap of ruins.

Officer. It would be a greater satisfaction to take the President and his wife prisoners.

First Soldier. We may capture them yet.

(*All go out.*)

SCENE III

A Tavern, Sixteen Miles from Washington

CHARACTERS

The Proprietor and his Wife

A Messenger

Dolly

President Madison

Several Guests — refugees from the City

(*Proprietor, Wife, and Guests are eating at a table.*)

First Guest. We were lucky to get here before the storm began.

Proprietor. I wonder where the President and his wife are.

Second Guest. They may have been killed by the British.

Third Guest. Or burned in the White House. The city is almost all in ruins.

First Guest. The wind is rattling at every window. I hope it will not blow the roof off.

Proprietor. The house is strongly built; there is no danger.

(*A knock is heard.*)

Wife (to husband). Some one is knocking at the door.

Proprietor. It may be one of the British. I will speak through the keyhole. (*Going to door.*) Who is it?

Dolly. I am seeking shelter from the storm.

Wife. It is a woman. Let her in.

Proprietor. Hush, I am doing the talking this time. (*To Dolly.*) Who are you? (*He opens the door a little.*)

Dolly. The wife of President Madison. I saw him after I left the city, and he said he would meet me here.

First Guest. Don't let her in.

Other Guests. Stay out! Stay out!

Wife. Such actions are inhuman, on a night like this.

Proprietor. My guests are not willing to let you in. Your husband is not here.

Dolly. I am cold and wet. In Heaven's name, give me shelter until morning.

Third Guest. Her husband brought on the war. His wife should have no shelter here.

Dolly. You are mistaken. Give me a chance to explain.

Wife (stepping forward and pushing her husband aside). I say that she shall come in. (*Motioning in a commanding manner to the others.*) Stay where you are. No one shall dare to prevent me from opening my own door to a woman who seeks shelter. (*All seem awed. No one stirs. The Proprietor*

steps aside. Wife takes Dolly by the hand and draws her into the room.)

Dolly. Thank you for your kindness to me.

Wife. Come with me. I will give you dry clothes and something to eat. (*Turning to the others.*) The first one who makes an unkind remark will leave this house. (*To Dolly.*) Are you all alone?

Dolly. Yes, I became separated from my servants. (*Dolly and the Wife go out.*)

First Guest. Our host's wife has a mind of her own.

Second Guest. She is right, after all. If the President did bring on the war, his wife is not to blame.

Proprietor. No, that is so. If you are willing to let her stay, I have no objections.

Third Guest. Did you lock the door?

Proprietor. No, but I will do so at once.

(As he goes to lock the door, President Madison pushes it open and walks in.)

President. Is Mrs. Madison here?

Proprietor (stammering). Yes, she just came.

President. Then tell her I am waiting here for her. (*He sits down wearily. The Proprietor goes out.*) Good evening, friends. (*They continue to eat sullenly, and do not reply. He takes some papers out of his pocket, examines them, and pays no attention to the rebuff.*)

Proprietor (returning). Mrs. Madison is in the next room. My wife will get some supper for you both there.

(*The President goes out.*)

First Guest. Let us put him out. We are cowards to sit still and do nothing.

Proprietor. Be calm, gentlemen. I hope that you will make no disturbance.

Second Guest. Let the lady stay, but compel Madison to go.

(*A loud knock is heard. Proprietor goes to the door.*)

Proprietor. Who is it?

Messenger (excitedly). A messenger to President Madison. Let me speak with him at once.

Proprietor. Come in.

(Messenger enters.)

(President and Dolly, who hear the noise, enter.)

Messenger (out of breath). The British — they know you are here. Fly, for your life!

President (to Dolly). I cannot go and leave you here alone.

Dolly. Go, I pray you. No one will harm me.

Wife. No, sir, I will see that nothing happens to her.

Dolly. Later, I can disguise myself and go to some safer place.

Wife. I will help her. You had better leave at once, Mr. President.

Messenger. Come with me. Lose no time.

The British will kill you, and our men will be in despair.

President. Good-by, Dolly. Heaven protect you! (*He goes out with Messenger.*)

(*The others sullenly withdraw to another room, leaving Dolly and the Proprietor's Wife.*)

Wife (*taking shawl, bonnet, and veil from a hook.*)

Here, take these things of mine. I will hide you in the attic until dawn. Then in this disguise you can escape. No one you meet will ever guess that you are the President's wife.

Dolly. I shall never forget your kindness to me.

Wife. Hurry, and I will let the others think that you have gone with your husband.

(*They go out.*)

SCENE IV

Shore of the Potomac River near Washington

CHARACTERS

A Boatman

Dolly, with a veil over her face

Dolly. Are you taking people across the river in your boat?

Boatman. Yes, madam, if I know who they are.

Dolly. Will you take me? I will pay you well.

Boatman. I do not care about the pay. Strange women are not admitted into the city.

Dolly. Why not?

Boatman. They might be British spies.

Dolly. But I am not a spy. Neither am I British.

Boatman. What you say may be true, but you will have to prove it. Perhaps you

have been sent to burn the few buildings left standing.

Dolly. I want to go to the house of my sister, where I am to meet my husband.

Boatman. Who is your husband?

Dolly. A loyal American.

Boatman. Why do you not tell his name if that is so?

Dolly. If I should, you might not believe me.

Boatman (suspiciously). You might try the experiment, if it is true that you are not a British spy.

Dolly. I am the wife of President Madison.

Boatman (laughing). That is a likely story. You are very clever, madam, but you will not cross the river in my boat — that is sure.

Dolly. Would you know the President's wife if you should see her?

Boatman. I would, indeed. Every day I have seen her driving in the park; but (*scrutiniz-*

ing her shawl and bonnet) she wears better clothes than you have on.

Dolly (raising her veil). Do you believe me now?

Boatman (stepping back, surprised). Can I believe my eyes? How do you happen to be here?

Dolly. If you will row me across the river, I will tell you.

Boatman (looking at her closely). Is it possible that I am mistaken?

Dolly. No, I am telling you the truth. Do you know whether my sister's house is still standing? or was it burned with the rest of the city?

Boatman. The British left before they had a chance to set fire to that part of the town.

Dolly. Is the President safe?

Boatman. Yes, I saw him this morning.

Dolly. Will you take me to him?

Boatman. I will, indeed, and I hope you will excuse me for doubting your word. We

have to be very careful at this dreadful time.

Dolly. You were only doing your duty.

Boatman. I consider it an honor to serve the wife of our good President. Come down to the end of the pier, where my boat is moored; and I will be glad to row you to what is left of our beautiful city.

Dolly. We should be thankful that the British have gone. It will not take long to rebuild our beloved Washington so that it will be handsomer than ever.

(Both go out.)



ABRAHAM LINCOLN

SCENE I

A Little Log Hut in Indiana. Three Sides are inclosed, the Fourth is shut in by Bearskins

CHARACTERS

Abraham Lincoln

Father

Stepmother

Neighbor Brown

(Abraham is reading in front of the open fire, on one side of which sits his Father, on the other, his Stepmother.)

Father. Abraham, you will spoil your eyes reading by that flickering light.

Abraham. No, father, I can see very well; and I am anxious to finish this story that neighbor Brown lent me.



THE BOY LINCOLN

Stepmother. The boy is a great student. I will make him a tallow dip to read by.

Father. He had better turn his attention to something more practical than books.

Stepmother. Many a great man has been a lover of learning. Let him study if he likes.

(In the meantime she has been preparing the tallow dip, which she now places near the boy.)

Abraham. Thank you, mother. You are always doing something for me.

Stepmother. That is because you are a good boy, Abraham.

(A knock is heard on the side of the house.)

Father (rising and pushing aside the bearskins covering the open side of the hut). Come in.

(Neighbor Brown enters, shakes hands with the family, and sets down a lantern he is carrying.)

We are glad to see you, Brown. Is the snow drifting badly?

Brown (stamping his feet). Yes, there is quite a heap out there in the path.

Stepmother. Come and get warm at the fire.

(They step aside and make room for the visitor.)

Brown. Thank you. A fire is good on a cold night like this. *(He draws near to the fire and rubs his hands together.)* I see you are still at your books, my lad. *(He pats Abraham on the shoulder.)* Well, I have brought you another. I got it from a friend of mine just so that I could give it to you. *(He takes a book from inside his coat and hands it to Abraham, who eagerly takes it.)*

Stepmother. What do you say for it, Abraham?

Abraham. I thank you very much. I have quite a library now.

Brown. I didn't look at the name of the book, but I suppose, for people who like to read, a book is a book, no matter what it is called. I believe in encouraging learning, but

reading is too slow work for me. I would rather chop wood.

(*All laugh.*)

Abraham (examining the book). It is a copy of the Statutes of Indiana. I am glad to get it.

Father. What are "statutes"?

Abraham. Why, laws, father. It tells all about the laws of this state.

Brown. Well, now, that is a pretty good thing to know about.

Father. It sounds more practical than what he has just been reading. What do you call that story, boy?

Abraham. Robinson Crusoe. It tells of a man who was shipwrecked and cast away on an island. It is wonderful to read about the things he did.

Brown (looking at the other books arranged on a rude shelf). What else have you? Here's the Bible. That is the best book.

Stepmother. Yes, he never gets tired of read-

ing it over and over. It is full of so many noble thoughts and good stories.

Abraham (touching the books one by one). Here are "Æsop's Fables" "Pilgrim's Progress," "The Life of Washington," and a history of the United States. That is a good many for a boy to have.

Brown. Indeed it is, and if I can get you any more, I will.

Stepmother. Abraham writes out different things he wants to learn by heart and takes them into the woods to study while he is chopping.

Brown. Where does he get the paper?

Abraham (laughing). Here is my paper. (*He takes a shingle down from the book shelf.*) I write on one of these and carry it with me. I make my ink of roots. (*He picks up a bottle of ink and shows it to Brown.*) And this is my pen. (*He exhibits a goose quill.*)

Stepmother. He does his arithmetic examples for school with a burnt stick on the back of a shovel. (*She shows the shovel.*)

Brown. You have a smart boy here, Neighbor Lincoln.

Father. He ought to learn a trade, I think. He is tall and strong and would make a good blacksmith.

Abraham. I should like to be a lawyer. That is why I am so glad to get the book you brought me, Neighbor Brown.

Stepmother. He is a fine rail-splitter already.

Brown. I know that. There is not a grown man around here that can beat him.

Stepmother. Whatever he is best fitted for, no doubt he will do.

Brown. Yes, that is so. It is getting late now, so I think I had better be starting home.

Father. Well, come again, Brown; we are always glad to see you.

Brown. I will. Come and see us. Good-by.

Others. Good-by. (*He goes out.*)

Father. The fire is low, and it is time to go to bed. (*He yawns.*) Abraham, we must

get up at sunrise to-morrow and begin chopping trees early.

Abraham. All right, father. Good night, mother.

Stepmother. Good night. I hope you will get a good sleep. I stirred up the leaves in your mattress to-day, to make it softer.

Abraham. You are as kind to me as if you were my own mother.

(He starts to climb the peg ladder to the loft.)

Father. I believe I will go out and fasten the edges of the bearskins a little tighter. I see the snow is sifting in.

Stepmother. I will go with you and hold the light, so that you can see.

(They go out.)

SCENE II

A General Store in New Salem, Illinois

CHARACTERS

Lincoln

Jack Armstrong

Peter Rogers

Mrs. Jenkins

(Lincoln is behind the counter. Jack and Peter are sitting idly by the stove. Mrs. Jenkins comes in with a wet umbrella, which she leans against the counter.)

Lincoln. Good evening, Mrs. Jenkins. This is a rainy night for such a long trip.

Mrs. Jenkins. When I started it was only sprinkling, but it is pouring now. I needed some things for breakfast, so I decided to come. My married son is going to drive me back home.

Lincoln. I will carry them over to his house for you.

Mrs. Jenkins. Oh, no, thank you. It is only a step, and all I want is a pound of sugar and half a pound of tea. I never can eat my breakfast without a cup of hot tea.

(Lincoln weighs out the sugar and tea and gives them to her.)

Mrs. Jenkins. How much are they all together?

Lincoln. Forty-four cents.

Mrs. Jenkins. Can you change a bill?

Lincoln (laughing). Yes, as long as it is not too large.

Mrs. Jenkins. I never have very large ones. It is only a dollar.

(Lincoln takes the bill and hands back the change. She puts it in her purse without counting it.)

Lincoln (smiling). You had better count your change, Mrs. Jenkins. I may have cheated you.

Mrs. Jenkins. There is no danger of that. If you cheat anybody, it will be yourself.

Lincoln. You are very kind to have such a good opinion of me. (*Mrs. Jenkins takes packages and umbrella, and starts to go.*) Wait, I will put up your umbrella for you. (*He goes out of the door with her and returns at once.*)

Jack. Well, as I was going to say before the lady came in, I have forgiven you for the beating you gave me yesterday, because anybody that is stronger than I am has my respect.

Lincoln. All right, Jack, I would not have touched you if you had not started the fight. We will shake hands and bury the hatchet.

Jack. That suits me. (*They shake hands.*) Peter, here, can act as witness. If any one ever tries to hurt you, he has me to reckon with.

Lincoln. Same here. (*Starting up suddenly.*) Oh, say, boys, I cheated Mrs. Jenkins out of six cents. Do you suppose I could catch her before she starts home?

Jack. No, I don't believe so. Her son's horse was already hitched when I came in a few minutes ago, and he drives like the wind.

Peter. Oh, let it go until you see her again. She didn't count her change, and she will never miss it. Think what a surprise it will be when you tell her!

Lincoln. No, I must return that money at once.

Jack. You will have a run of nearly three miles, and it is raining harder than ever.

Lincoln. There will not be any more customers here to-night. I will start now.

Peter. Wait until morning and give it to her son.

Lincoln. No, I must return it to her. I gave her only fifty cents change.

Jack. You will never get rich, Abe — you are too honest.

Lincoln. That is all talk, Jack. You fellows would not cheat any more than I would.

Peter. Maybe not, but we would not walk five miles this chilly night for six cents. Here, take my umbrella, if you are determined to go. It may keep off some of the biggest drops.

Lincoln. No, thank you. I have never used an umbrella in my life. When I get wet, I wait until I get dry again. (*He takes keys out of pocket to lock store door.*) I don't want to hurry you, boys. If you would like to keep store until I get back, I will not lock up.

Peter. No, thank you; I am too sleepy to sit up much longer. We will go when you do; but I think you are foolish to take such a tramp after a hard day's work.

Lincoln. I was going to read law for a while, but I will go for a walk instead.

Peter (slapping Lincoln on the shoulder as all three go out). Abe, you are the hardest worker in town. If you are not a great

man yet, I don't know what I am talking about.

(Lincoln laughs good-naturedly, and they all go out.)

SCENE III

A Court Room

CHARACTERS

Judge

Lincoln

The Prisoner (Jack Armstrong's brother), the jury, witnesses, attorneys, and others, including the prisoner's mother, and neighbor Brown

Judge (to Lincoln). You may continue your examination of the witness.

Lincoln. You say that you saw Armstrong commit the murder.

Witness. I did.

Lincoln. At what time did it happen?

Witness. Eleven at night.

Lincoln. How could you see at that hour of the night?

Witness. The moon was shining.

Lincoln. Just how large was the moon?

Witness. About full.

Lincoln. Were there any clouds in the sky?

Witness. No, the sky was perfectly clear, and it was almost as light as day.

Lincoln. You are sure of that?

Witness. Yes, perfectly sure.

Lincoln (*taking an almanac from his pocket*).

What was the date of the murder?

Witness. August twelfth.

Lincoln. The almanac shows that there was no moon that night. Two days later there was a new moon.

Witness. That must be a mistake.

(*All laugh*).

Judge (*rapping with a gavel*). Order in the court!

Lincoln. A man who sees a moon when there is no moon is not a reliable witness. That is all, your Honor.

Judge. We have heard the evidence. We will now listen to the plea of the prosecuting attorney.

Prosecuting Attorney. Your Honor and Gentleman of the Jury, though the evidence has been, for the most part, circumstantial, the crime is shocking, the character of the prisoner is not good, and his associates are evil. That should be sufficient.

Judge. We will now listen to the plea of the counsel for the defendant.

Lincoln. Your Honor and Gentlemen of the Jury, it is unnecessary to say anything further in defense of the prisoner. He did not commit the crime, and the evidence of the only eyewitness declares that he saw the murder in the moonlight, when there was no moon.

(*All laugh.*)

Judge (*pounding with gavel*). Order in the court! (*To the Prisoner*). Have you anything further to say?

Prisoner. Nothing, your Honor, except that I am not guilty.

Judge. The jury has heard all the evidence, and will now withdraw to prepare the verdict. Remember to weigh each point carefully.

(*Jury goes out.*)

Mrs. Armstrong (*to Lincoln*). How can I ever reward you for defending my son so ably?

Lincoln. I was glad to defend him. I believe him innocent.

Jack Armstrong. If he is freed, we have you to thank.

(*The jury returns.*)

Judge. We will now listen to the verdict of the jury.

Foreman. Not guilty, your Honor, by unanimous vote.

Judge. The case is dismissed, and the prisoner is free.

Prisoner (to Lincoln). You have saved my life. I have no money now, but I will pay you if it takes me fifty years.

Lincoln. I was glad to do it. Your mother was kind to me once when I was poor and friendless.

Mrs. Armstrong. God bless you. A man with your good heart and ability should be President of the United States.

Judge (shaking hands with Lincoln). That is very true. You did well, young man, and you have a brilliant career before you.

Brown. It was a lucky night when I gave you that book on the laws of Indiana. You have made good use of it.

Lincoln. You are all very kind. It is a great satisfaction to aid the innocent.

(All go out).

SCENE IV

*Office of the President of the United States, at
Washington*

CHARACTERS

President Lincoln, his Secretary, and an Old Man

(Lincoln is sitting before a table strewn with papers. He is reading a dispatch and rumpling his hair in perplexity.)

Lincoln (to himself). I wish this cruel war could be brought to an end. So many brave men have been killed on both sides. But the Union must be preserved, and the slaves must be freed.

Secretary (entering). An old man wants to see you. Shall I dismiss him? You must be tired after this long day's work.

Lincoln. What time is it?

Secretary (looking at his watch). Nearly eleven o'clock.

Lincoln. What does the old man want?

Secretary. He will not tell; but he seems to be in great distress, and is weeping.

Lincoln. I should spend a sleepless night if I turned away any one in distress. Send him in, and I will find out his errand.

(Secretary goes out. Lincoln busies himself with the papers before him. The Secretary returns with a bent and feeble old man.)

Lincoln (pointing to a chair). Sit down and tell me what I can do for you.

Old Man. Mr. President, I have come to ask you to pardon my only son.

Lincoln. What has he done?

Old Man. He slept at his post, and he is to be shot at sunrise.

Lincoln. How old is he?

Old Man. Eighteen, and he has always been a good boy. He enlisted for love of his country.

Lincoln. Sleeping at one's post is a grave offense. If a night attack should be made

by the enemy, it might mean death to a whole regiment.

Old Man. He was so worn out that he fell asleep standing up. They found him leaning against a tree.

Lincoln. That is an unusual case. He did not lie down?

Old Man. He would have died first.

Lincoln. I am sorry for you, but I do not see how I can do anything for him. Hear what General Butler has just telegraphed to me: "President Lincoln, I pray you not to interfere with the court-martials of the army. You will destroy all discipline among our soldiers." Now you see how the matter stands.

Old Man. His mother is ill, and the shock will kill her. Wouldn't you be willing to let me die for the boy? Say yes, Mr. President, and I will gladly take his place.

Lincoln. No, I could not do that. (*He thinks for a moment, then gets up and walks across*

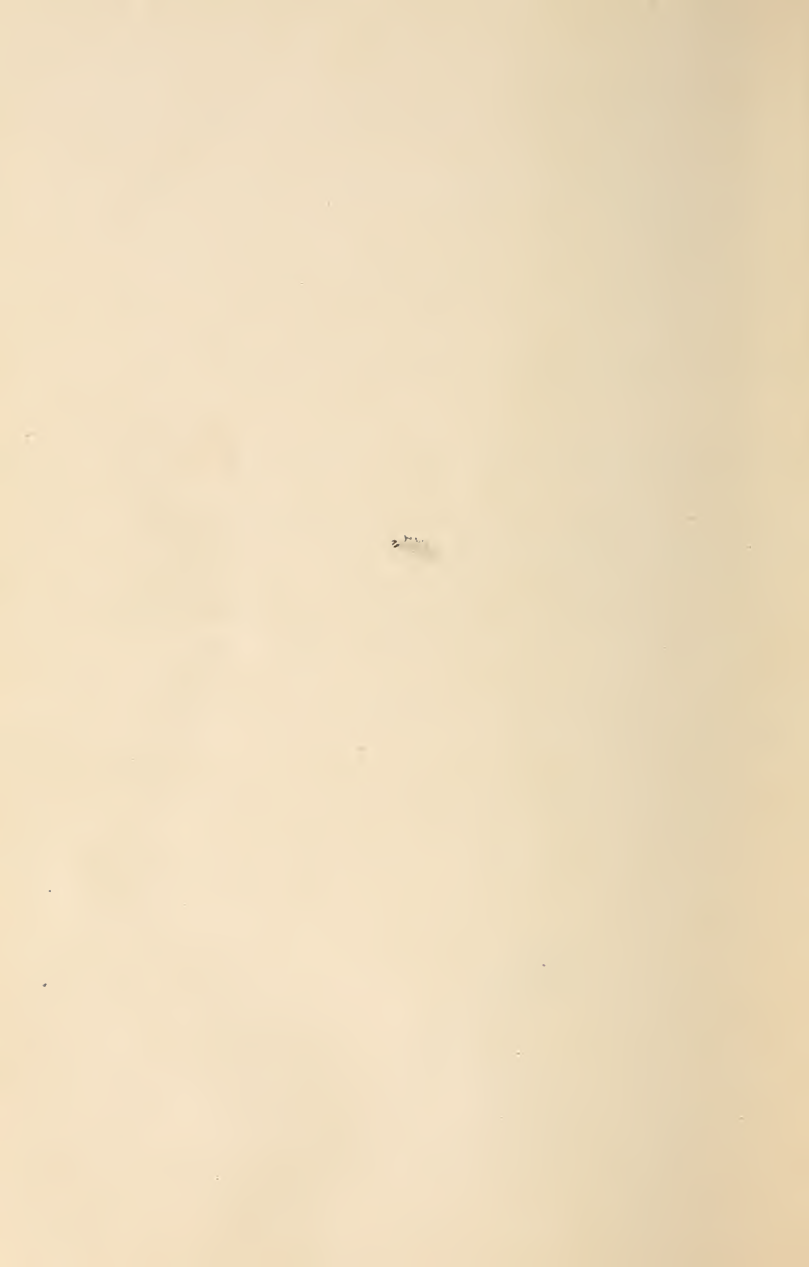
the floor.) Butler or no Butler, I will pardon your boy. Give my secretary his name and regiment. (*To the Secretary.*) Send a dispatch that the lad is not to be shot without further orders from the President.

(*To the Old Man.*) If your son does not die until orders come from me to shoot him, he will live to be much older than Methuselah. *Old Man.* All that I can say is, God bless you! God bless you!

(*The Old Man goes out with the Secretary.*) *Lincoln.* Now I can go to bed content, when I think how happy the mere signing of my name will make that boy's mother. (*He goes out.*)



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